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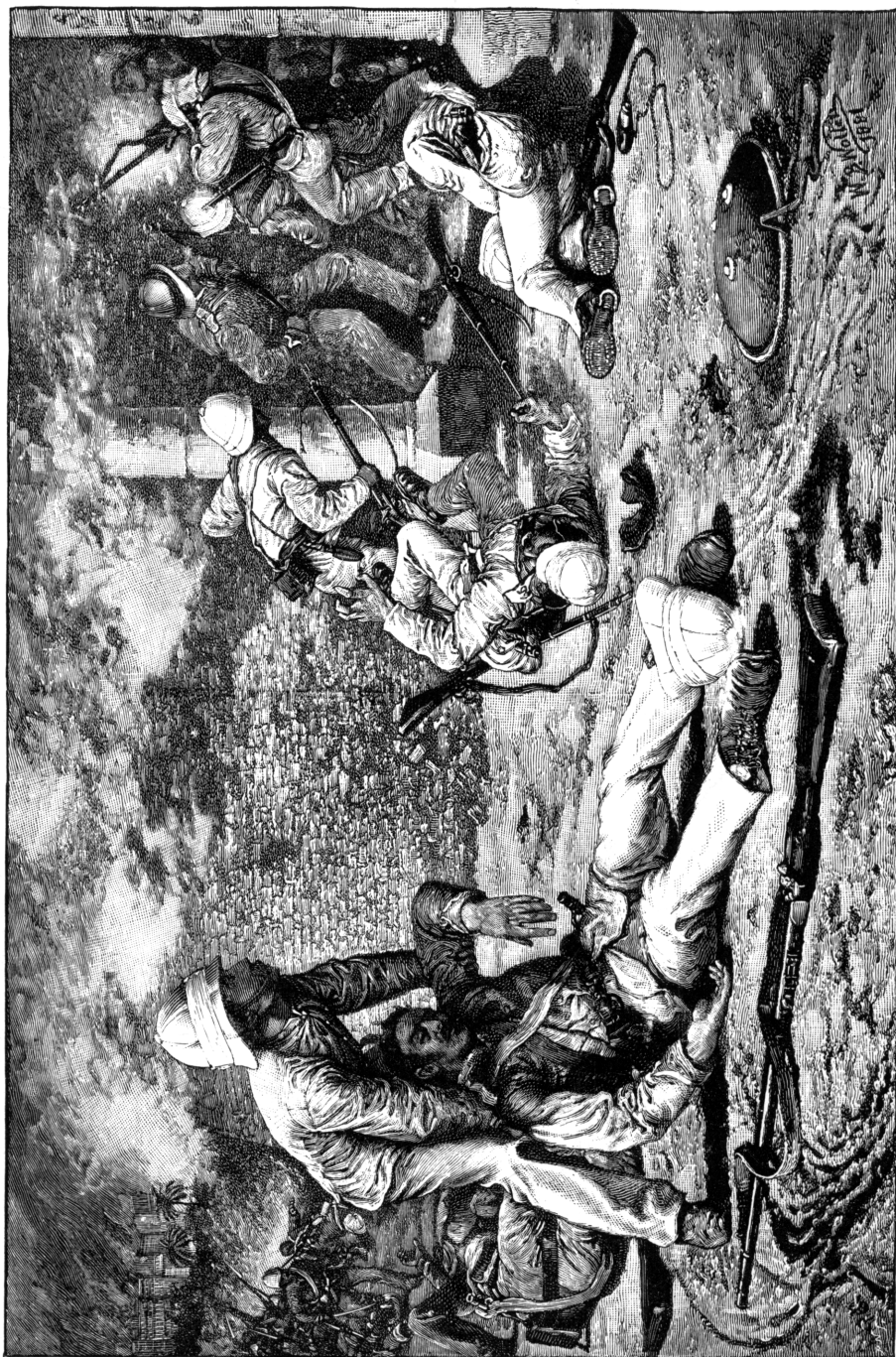
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CAPTAIN WOLSELEY AT LUCKNOW.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XI.—LORD WOLSELEY, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., &c.



From a Photo. by LORD WOLSELEY'S QUARTERS, ROYAL HOSPITAL, KILMAINHAM. *[Elliott & Fry.]*

IT is not intended that these papers should be so much biographical as retrospective. I meet a man. I ask him to glance through his life as he would through a volume of pictures. He passes by some quickly—they are ordinary and every-day subjects such as we all know and see; at others he lingers a long time—a picture here and a picture there revives more vividly some memorable incident in his career, and he almost lives it over again, so impressive does it become. To chronicle all the pictures scattered throughout Lord Wolseley's life would call for many pages; to inscribe his biography many volumes. His years have been full of countless incident, of action as brilliant as it has been brave; tact, discretion, unquenchable earnestness and enthusiasm has characterised his whole life. He has long since been recognised as our ablest soldier and commander. All this is the outcome of incessant work, and such work constitutes a history. Lord Wolseley's history is just now too much to remember, and far, far too long to write. This paper is but the happy recollection of a few days passed with him in Ireland,

where many of the more striking incidents of his life were brought to light again.

As Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces in Ireland, Lord Wolseley's quarters are situated at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham. Here the heroic survivors of many a battle are quietly "waiting." As Lord Wolseley and I wandered about the place many proofs were afforded of the kindness of heart of the great soldier for these older brothers in battle. He has a word for every one of them as they stand straight and at "attention." For example, we are talking together at the porch. An old fellow hurries along—he is a new arrival. What does he want? He just thought he would like to remind his lordship that "they had slept in many a cold bed together." The old man had been through the Crimea with Lord Wolseley. The next moment a band passes by. It is on its way to assist in paying a last military honour to an old Victoria Cross man who is to be buried to-day. "There is a death here almost every week," said Lord Wolseley, quietly.

Lord Wolseley is a trifle below the medium height. His face is bronzed, his hair white. His right eye is blind, and

there still remains evidence of a wound on the left cheek in the shape of a scar, the history of which I am to know by and by. He talks rapidly, earnestly, and speaks with all the force of a man who means what he says. One could not help connecting his training as a soldier with the ease of his posture when conversing. He would stand talking for a couple of hours without moving his position an inch. He is frank and honest in all he says, he has no fear of giving utterance to his convictions, and he says nothing which is not worth remembering. He throws his whole heart and soul into a conversation, with all the zeal and ardour he would put into a campaign.

We went from room to room of his delightful quarters, now and again joined by Lady Wolseley—to whose artistic ingenuity every piece of furniture owes its place. What a work it was! When Lord Wolseley received his appointment in Ireland—a position he will hold for five years—it was close on a year before the house was ready to receive Lady Wolseley and her daughter, the Hon. Frances Wolseley. Each article of furniture—every chair, cabinet, cushion, and footstool, was labelled in London by Lady Wolseley, and allotted to the very corner it was to occupy, so that when they entered the place it was like walking into their old home imported bodily from town.



From a Photo. by]

LORD WOLSELEY.

[Edwin & Co. 19.

"During that year of re-decoration," Lord Wolseley merrily remarked, "I was to be found at a hotel." The manner in which that little remark was made told that Lord Wolseley loved—home.

The entrance hall has on its walls some fine armour—designs are ingeniously executed with the aid of cutlasses, breastplates, pistols, and sabres. The walls are of terra

cotta, the chairs remind one of those generally associated with the Knights of the Round Table. Over the fireplace tiny Egyptian idols are set out, above the marble table is Arabi Pasha's pistol, and on the marble slab are a couple of Cetewayo's milk pails—yellow vases about one-and-a-half feet long. Underneath are more milk pails, a wooden dish big enough to hold half a sheep, and some Zulu pillows of wood. These were all taken from Cetewayo's kraal.

To the left are the small reception rooms leading into the drawing-room. The walls are of white enamel, and the colour of the various upholstery harmonises to perfection.

Every one of these apartments is the resting-place of something of striking interest. Flowers are in abundance. Lord Wolseley says that flowers make life happy—they are the perfume of life. Crocuses of all colours, snow-drops, violets, and lilies-of-the-valley, fill the vases. In the first apartment are a couple of oil-paintings of Lady Wolseley and her daughter, as a child. These were painted in 1884, by Julian Story, who married Miss Eames a few months ago. Here in a niche is a portrait of Lord Wolseley's great-great-grandfather, in armour, who fought in Ireland with William III. In the second room, over the mantelpiece is Frank Holl's picture of Lord

Wolseley, given by the artist to Lady Wolseley. On the mantel-board are three dolphins in Japan ware, which had been at the bottom of the sea for over ninety years. Staffordshire pottery is plentiful. This was a great hobby of Lord Wolseley's; indeed, he has one of the finest collections of Staffordshire ware in the kingdom. His quaint old watches, with enamel backs, picturesquely set out under

glass cases, and on cabinets, are distributed all over the house, and are of great value.

Near the door is a glass case. Lord Wolseley opens it, and replaces the sword he has just been wearing. The weapon once belonged to King Coffee, and was taken from his palace. An inscription on one side reads that it was given by the Queen to the King of Ashantee; the other side tells how it was bought by Lord Wolseley's staff at a private sale, and presented to him. Another sword belonged to Lord Airey; a third cost £2,000.

"It was given to me by the people of Cairo," remarked Lord Wolseley, "and was richly studded with diamonds. How-

ever, I took the stones off and gave them to my wife."

"Who makes good use of them!" chimed in Lady Wolseley.

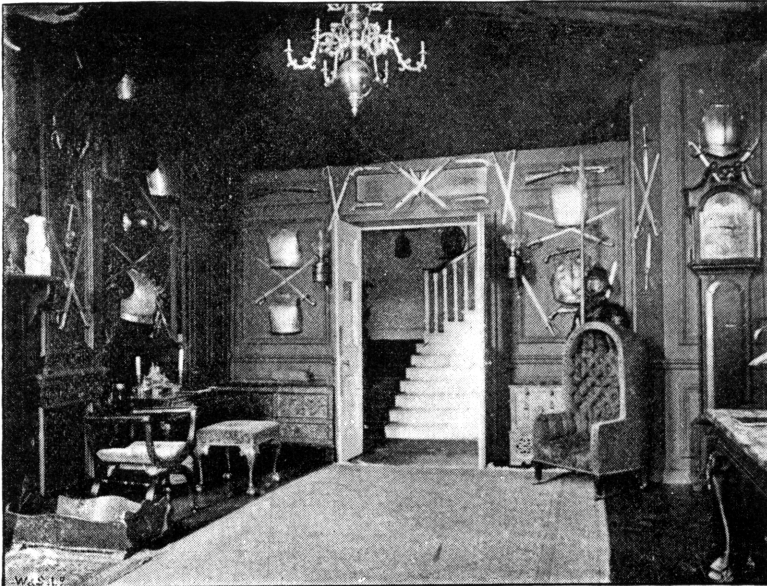
Another sword was presented by the City of London, and on the ledge below



From a Photo. by]

LADY WOLSELEY.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

ENTRANCE HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

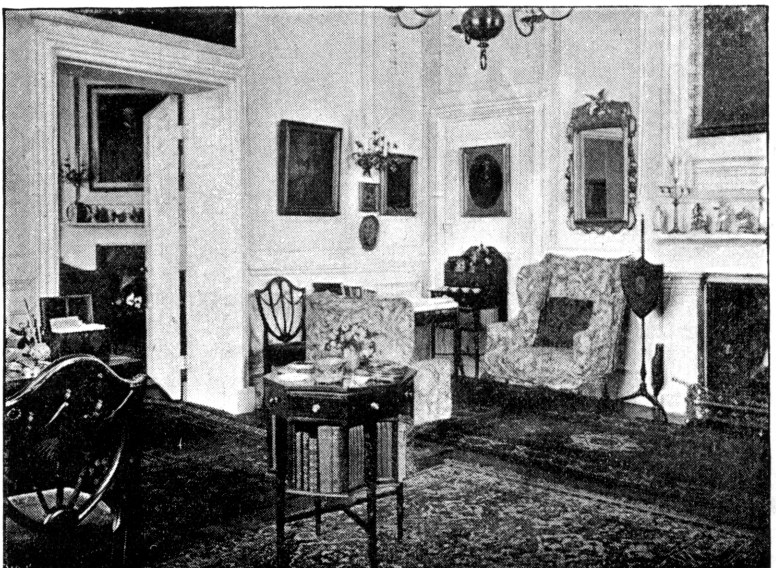
are the six volumes containing the thanks of the nation from the Lords and Commons, an honour bestowed upon Lord Wolseley on three occasions.

The drawing-room is very beautiful. On the occasion of a ball the folding doors at the end are thrown open, and the great hall of the hospital is converted into a ball-room. Many old-time pictures are here, countless curiosities and antique knick-knacks are set out, and the walls are frequently decorated with rare fans, of which Lady Wolseley was at one time an ardent collector. Over the marble mantelpiece—on which rests some choice china—is a painting by Sir P. Lely of the "Duchess of Portsmouth." Another canvas depicts the "Death of Sir R. Abercrombie." On a table is a silver box from Coomassie. It is made of half-

crowns, beaten out very thin. Here, too, is the gold and enamel box which contained the Freedom of the City. An inscription on a grandly cut crystal ball reads: "This crystal ball was fired out of a cannon by the rebels of Lucknow at the relief of the Residency, and fell amongst the 90th Regiment."

A "George Morland" stands on the grand piano. It is a dainty "bit of Surrey." The

owner declares he would carry that tiny canvas with him wherever he went, as a reminiscence of England. Morland's genius was never more heartily recognised. A glass case reveals some objects of intense interest. One by one Lord Wolseley takes them out—the gold and enamel snuff-box from the Emperor of Russia; a large gold infant's rattle, brought from Coomassie, which Miss Wolseley used to play with as



From a Photo. by]

FIRST RECEPTION-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

a child ; one of the few remaining decorations General Gordon had made for his brave fellows at Kartoum, and a couple of dollars used by him just before all his silver had vanished, and he was forced to issue notes ; a little silver cross which a French soldier took from a dead Russian's breast in the Crimea—its owner bought it from the Frenchman. Lord Wolseley is a great admirer of Pitt—here is a medallion of the famous Pitt Club. But his hero is Nelson ; to him he is the truest patriot England has ever seen ; anything associated with the great naval commander's name he buys. When the statue to Lord Nelson was erected in Sackville-street, Dublin, the fifteen committee men wore a medallion of Nelson, surmounted by a gold anchor ; this little case contains one, picked up in an old curiosity shop. A gold cigarette-case, with a horse-shoe in rubies, came from the Duchess of Edinburgh ; a curl of the hair of the Duke of Wellington is set in a pin, and I tried some of the snuff, for curiosity's sake, once belonging to the great Napoleon—but years have robbed it of its pungency.

In a little gilt frame is one of the Government notes, issued in 1884 by Gordon in Kartoum, when all his money was gone. It is torn, and in Lord Wolseley's handwriting the following may be read on the back :—

"This is one of the notes issued by General Gordon in Kartoum. It is for ten piasters (about rs. 8d.). It was found in the steamer in which Colonel Stewart was wounded, in September, '84, just before he was murdered. Korti, February, 1885."

Possibly the most interesting of all the treasures is in the same frame. It is the last letter General Gordon ever wrote. Lord Wolseley had several missives from that brave man. Two days before Kartoum fell one was received which said : "Kartoum all right, can hold out for ever." Then came the last, still cheering—Gordon trusted to

the last—"Kartoum all right. 14, 12, 84. C. E. GORDON." It was brought to Lord Wolseley at Korti, by an Arab messenger, rolled up in the hem of his clothing.

A frame of similar pattern contains two letters, one of which is of remarkable interest. On Lord Wolseley's return from Egypt he was banqueted by the Queen at Balmoral. Her Majesty proposed the great soldier's health.

"When my husband returned," Lady Wolseley said, as we looked at the framed



ARAB BRINGING LORD WOLSELEY GORDON'S LETTER.

letters together, "I asked him what the Queen said. He positively could not remember ! I wrote to Lady Ely, who was present at the banquet, asking her if she could possibly recollect, and if so if she would kindly write it down. It seems Lady Ely showed my letter to the Queen, and Her Majesty graciously wrote out the words herself."

The Queen wrote on the familiar buff-coloured paper :—

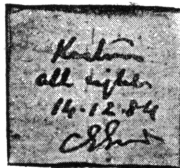
"Balmoral,

"Oct. 30, 1882.

"I wish to propose the health of Sir Garnet Wolseley and the brave troops he commanded in Egypt, and to congratulate him on his glorious and well-deserved success.

"V. R. I."

The dining-room opens from the drawing-room, and leads out on a green lawn. Its walls are a delicate blending of salmon and yellow, and the ceiling is supported by



GORDON'S LAST LETTER.

four massive pillars of white marble. This room is principally noted for its portraits. The two pictures of Queen Charlotte and George III., at either end, and the "Battle

of Wellington hangs near the door. It was here at luncheon-time that many capital hunting anecdotes and merry stories were told. The Honourable Miss Wolseley



Wolseley
Oct. 30. 1882.

*I wish to propose
the health of Sir
James Wolseley &
the brave troops
he commanded
in Egypt & Donga-
tade him with
his glorious &
well deserved
success*
J.R.L.

THE QUEEN'S TOAST TO LORD WOLSELEY, IN HER MAJESTY'S HANDWRITING.

of the Boyne," over the mantelpiece, belong to the house. Amongst the other pictures it includes one of the only poet in the Wolseley family of note—though it should be mentioned that Lord Wolseley's mother was gifted in verse—Summerville, who wrote "The Chase." The original study for the great picture

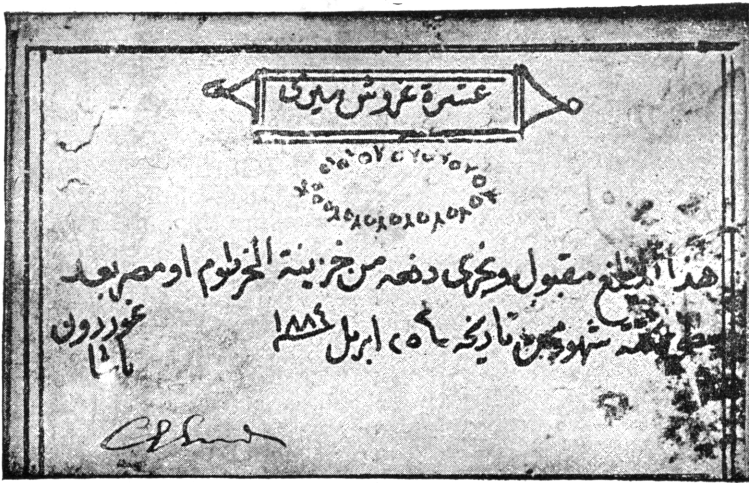
is a splendid horse-woman, and rides wonderfully straight. Only the day before, she had led the field all through the hunt on "Lady Alice"; so Major Childers—Lord Wolseley's military secretary—who was hunting, too, assured me. Captain Smithson, late adjutant of the 13th Hussars, and now A.D.C. to Lord Wolseley, was also present, together with Lord Edward Cecil, another *aide-de-camp*—a son of the Marquis of Salisbury, and whose height is 6 feet 4 inches—who, full of hilarity, told of a race he had had with a brother officer that same morning. Lord Edward persuaded his brother soldier to race down a hill, because he knew that if he once got the officer's horse to go the rider would never be able to keep his seat. Lord Edward was right!

The day was bright, and, luncheon over, it was suggested that a visit should be made to places of interest outside. Lord Wolseley's raven was gaily hopping about the lawn as we entered the great hall where the old pensioners were gathered round the fire, engaged in an innocent game of cards. There is some grand armour here—

notably Cromwellian.

It was whilst standing here that Lord Wolseley referred to the late Duke of Clarence.

"The Duke was here to two or three little dances," he said. "He was devotedly fond of dancing. He was the most sincere young man I ever met. I would that we



GORDON'S BANK-NOTE.

had more like him. He never spoke an unkind word;" an expression in itself a monument to the late Prince's memory.

Then we looked into the chapel and admired the grand ceiling by Cipriani. Every Sunday Lord Wolseley and his staff sit in a great oak seat overshadowed by an oaken canopy in the gallery at the far end. At the conclusion of every service the band plays "God save the Queen." As we left the sacred edifice, and passed through the gardens, "Bully," a very ferocious dog, was met with. "Bully" is very ugly. "Bully" poses as a protector, not as a handsome creature. Lord Wolseley is very fond of dogs. He points me out a little mound of earth under a mulberry tree, on which crocuses are growing. The mulberry tree was planted there by James II., and underneath the earth and the crocuses lies "Cæsar"—a dog who was a great pet of Lady Wolseley.

A glorious avenue of trees leads down to the stables. On one side is a field freely provided with difficult hedge-rows, hurdles, and ugly water-jumps—the practice ground of Miss Wolseley. We stay for a moment to watch her "take" the water. Blackberry—a pretty mare—is a bit shy, but a good run and a little inducement does it, and Blackberry clears the water with a good foot of ground to spare. All the horses have their names over their stalls in the stables. Here is Chance, Sir Redvers, Brown Bess, Blue-bell,

Blackberry, and Chem. A tiny cat practically lives on Chem's back—a sort of feline jockey. Go into the stables when you will, the cat is always mounted, and Chem seems delighted to afford her accommodation. One or two horses are laid up just now.

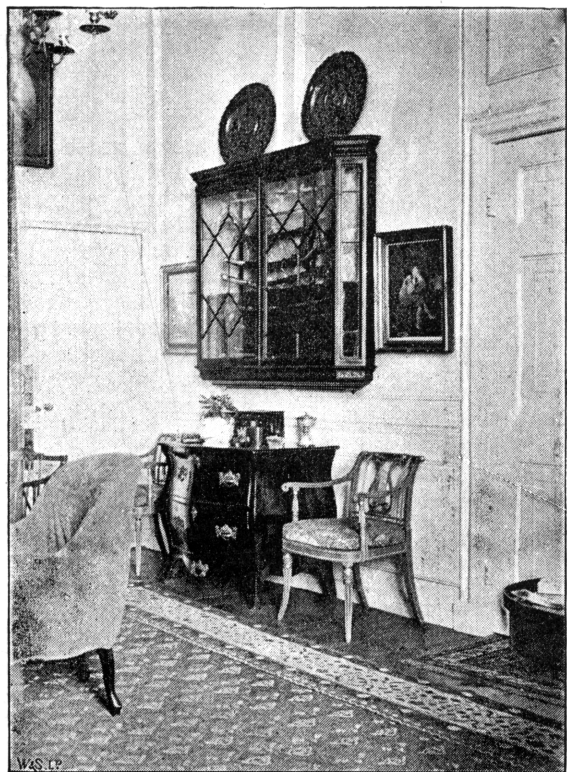
On our return to the house, Blackberry and Miss Wolseley were waiting. Lord Wolseley took the bridle, for Blackberry was not inclined to favour

the presence of a sentry, and a convenient camera chronicled the picture. Then Lord Wolseley mounts Paddy, and Lord Edward Cecil stands at the horse's head, while another photograph is taken. Then the bark of a dog is heard. Lady Wolseley is now at the porch, and her pet dog—a fine specimen of the Dachshund breed—christened after King Coffee, takes up his position as well, and a third picture is secured.

Then we entered the house.



LORD WOLSELEY'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.



From a Photo. by] SWORD-CASE IN SECOND RECEPTION-ROOM. [Elliott & Fry.

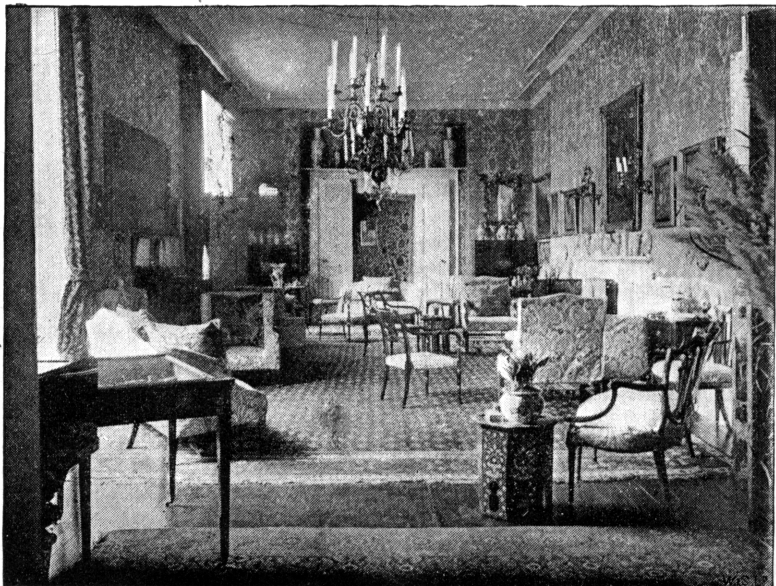
There was still very much more to be seen before the study of the great soldier was reached. The staircases are hung with many rare pieces of tapestry, and numbers of quaint specimens of "picture needle-work" are on the walls in frames.

A pair of ironing boards, carved in oak and dated 1667, are in a corner—reminders of the days when ladies of high degree themselves ironed their own laces, collars, and frills. Near by is a handsomely carved gong from Burmah, a small oak cradle of the seventeenth cen-

tury, and a reproduction of Boehm's bust of Lord Wolseley done in 1882. A great cabinet with glass doors reveals the fact that Lady Wolseley not only collects fans—and lace, by the bye—but just now is industriously engaged in collecting rare covers of old books. Many of these are of exquisite workmanship. Miss Wolseley's hobby is bookplates, of which she has over two thousand specimens.

The way to Lord Wolseley's study is to the right of the entrance hall. The first apartment passed through is Miss Wolseley's study. The tone of the walls is of white and blue, the furniture of rose-wood. There are some delightful water-colours here, principally of scenes in Cyprus. The only suggestion of matters military about the room is a small breastplate near the fireplace—the remnant of a suit of armour.

A door opens to a small corridor of white enamel. This is one of the most interesting corners of the house. One side—along which the windows run—is devoted to old military pictures, of which Lord Wolseley has a very choice collection. Here, too, are many of the playbills of performances given by the French Zouaves in the Crimea. The opposite side contains an excellent library, whilst in the spare spaces are



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

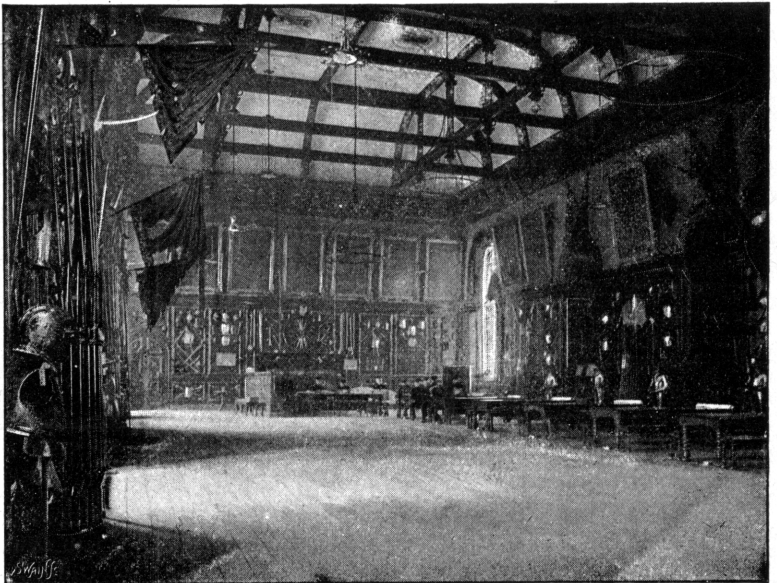
where it was hung in Cete-wayo's private room." Over the door is a suggestive picture of General Gordon — "The Last Watch — Kartoum."

The study is decorated in blue and white. Many are the engravings of Nelson; there are no fewer than four in the immediate vicinity of the mantel-board. A clever crayon drawing of Bismarck, by Linbach, reminds Lord Wolseley to credit Bismarck

set out the various testimonials and illuminated vellums presented at various times. There are quite a number of letters captured from the Mahdi. One of these has the following inscription:—"Letter from Mahamet El Kheir Emir, of Barbar, to Abdul Magid Wad Le Ralik, giving an account of the capture of Kartoum and death of Gordon (the accursed), picked up on the battle-field of El Kirbek, Feb. 11, 1885. Found by a soldier of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry in a donkey's saddle-bag."

This leads on to Lord Wolseley's dressing-room. With but few exceptions the pictures here are nearly all prints or engravings. One of the Queen has the following note of interest written beneath it:—"This picture was taken in the Ulandi Kraal in August, 1879,

with the most interesting conversation he has ever had with any man. There is a print of Warren Hastings—another hero of Lord Wolseley's. An engraving from Frank Holl's picture of Colonel Stewart suggests to its owner to tell how at Stewart's death his brother officers and friends were desirous of having a picture of him painted. Frank Holl—best and kindest-hearted of



From a Photo. by]

THE GREAT HALL, USED AS A BALL-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

all artists—was asked if he would do it for £300. £300! No; he would do it for nothing. In a niche between the two windows are grouped together the autographed portraits received from members of the Royal Family. The centre is occupied by Her Majesty—dated Balmoral, October 31, 1882—and round the Queen are gathered Princess Beatrice, Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Duke of Cambridge, Emperor of Russia, William I., Emperor of Germany, and others.

The volumes here are as numerous as they are varied and useful. Lord Wolseley considers books and horses among the greatest comforts a man can have. He has every work written on the life or times of the great Duke of Marlborough—a man whom he considers far greater than Wellington. The early hours of the day—for Lord Wolseley is down at six every morning—find him at work adding something to the history of the Duke which he is writing. Already a dozen bulky volumes of MSS. are completed. He works and writes, sometimes sitting at his table, sometimes standing at his desk. The mention of Wellington's name causes Lord Wolseley to take from a chair a small flag. Though the brilliancy of its colours—gold and red—has faded, it still betokens a former richness.

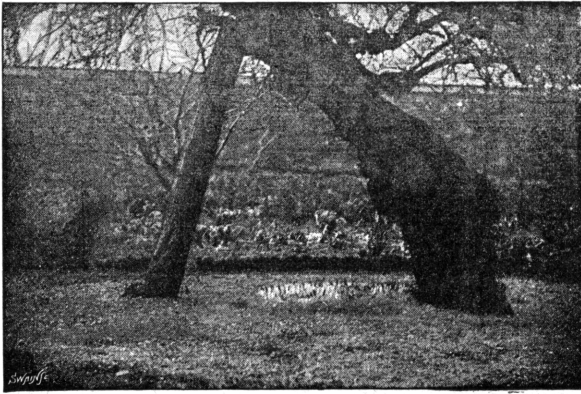
"When the Duke was buried," Lord Wolseley said, "the great pall was surrounded by six small flags. A short time ago the present Duke was

these out of the crypt at St. Paul's. He took four of them. A friend of mine secured two, from whom I obtained this."

I then settled down to hear from his own lips some of the incidents which have

formed part of a life which on more than one occasion may truly be said to have been charmed. He has had bullets run through the lappets and sleeves of his coat; shots have carried the cap off his head, but still have missed him. He has been laid low with wounds

such as many a stronger man than he would have succumbed to, but he point blank refused to die, and he kept his word and held on to his decision. Look at his early training. True, he was a soldier from the first, but he was a better one at the end



From a Photo. by]

"CÆSAR'S" GRAVE.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

"THE JOCKEY CAT."

[Elliott & Fry.

of eight years. During his first eight years in the army he was at war every year. In 1852 and 1853, in Burmah; 1854, 1855, and 1856, in the Crimea; 1857, 1858, and 1859, in the Indian Mutiny; and 1860 found him



From a Photo. by]

LORD WOLSELEY AND THE HON. MISS WOLSELEY.

[Elliott & Fry.

in the China war. He frankly says this is the secret of his success. Lord Wolseley accounts for his rapid promotion by the experience he gained during those eight years of preliminary training. At the time he was made a captain—within three years of joining—he was the youngest in the army; he was promoted to be a Major as soon as the allotted six years had passed, and nine months afterwards was Lieut.-Colonel—a record of rapid rising neither to be beaten nor equalled.

"We all have chances," said Lord Wolseley, "but a large proportion of men don't know it. The opportunities are waiting for them to grasp, and they won't put out their hands to take them. I had my chances, and had the knowledge to grasp them. Then I was fortunate enough to win approval. There is only one way for a young man to get on in the army. He must try and get killed in every way he possibly can! He must be absolutely indifferent to life. If he does not succeed in getting killed he is bound to get on—

that is, always assuming he has intelligence and the instincts of a soldier."

Lord Wolseley comes from a family of soldiers, and is the son of the late Major G. J. Wolseley, and was born at Golden Bridge House—curiously enough, within a stone's throw of his present abode—on June 4, 1833. A portrait of his mother, here reproduced, stands on a table in his study. He was called Garnet, after Bishop Garnet, his father's great-uncle. He has practically little in the way of ancestry to hang his successful career on. The successful man—be he a soldier or what you will—lifts himself in life, and does not depend on the support of ancestral pillars. So says Lord Wolseley. He passed his early days in Dublin, occasionally coming over to England on holiday visits to Sir Richard Wolseley. He entered the army in 1850 as an ensign. The campaign in Burmah was his first war.

"The first man I ever saw killed was during a skirmish in Burmah," Lord Wolseley said, "and Lord Alcester—then

W&S L^y

From a Photo. by]

THE CORRIDOR.

[Elliott & Fry.

a young naval commander—was responsible for it. I can scarcely tell you how I felt on going into my first action. It is a sensation hard to describe. Nine out of ten men don't know how they are going to behave. You look forward with eagerness to see what a battle is like. I know I was longing to get shot at. Nerve—nerve, is the great thing needed. The wise men who haven't got it give up, the fools stay on and come to grief. Your soldier may have spirit and enthusiasm, but nerve beats everything else. Spirit is not much use when death is in the air, enthusiasm of little avail when bullets are whistling about and trying to pick you out from amongst all the others. Nerve, nothing but nerve, tells in the long run.

"The first engagement I was

in came about as follows. It was in Burmah:—

"I was at Rangoon at the time, and the news arrived there of the rout of a company commanded by Captain Lock. Every soldier who could be spared was to go up the river, push through the jungle and punish the enemy. Two hundred of the 80th Regiment went, under command of Sir John Cheape. We fought for nineteen days, until

at last we worked our way up to the final position one afternoon, halted and began making arrangements for attacking the next morning. At daybreak, when the fog cleared, I was told off with four men to a certain point to skirmish. *I had never been drilled!* My four men—or rather boys, had neither been drilled nor even fired off a musket. I tell you this to illustrate the



From a Photo. by]

MISS WOLSELEY'S STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE DRESSING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

a soul seemed to be stirring, though I could hear heavy firing. I got out of the hole and ran for my life. It was 150 yards to our lines, and I cannot tell you the sensation of that 150 yards' run, expecting every moment to provide a refuge for a dozen or twenty bullets in my body. I found our people lying down. It was not so easy to reach the enemy as had been anticipated, and consequently

great nonsense of some people's ideas, who state that the army to-day is inferior to that of thirty years ago. Though I had not been drilled I was well up in strategy tactics, of which I had been a student from my earliest days. We started, and suddenly came upon the enemy. The enemy heard us, and opened a heavy fire, killing my four men. More men now came up, and we were ordered to go on and charge. There was a native regiment of infantry extended in skirmishing order, and I well remember kicking a fat old native officer because he wouldn't go on. Then volunteers were called for the charging party. I said I would go, and with others—principally of the 80th—under the lead of the present General Allan Johnson, we went.

"When about thirty or forty yards from the enemy's works I fell into a great hole, dug some five feet deep, with a very formidable spike in the middle, and brambles, and twigs and leaves scattered over it; it was indeed a man-trap! I was stunned for some time. When I recovered I rose and crawled out—on the enemy's side! They commenced firing. I disappeared into my hole again. I waited awhile. Not

volunteers for a second storming party were asked for. Another man named Taylor led one detachment, and I led the other. I warned him of the hole, and we went stealing on, two and two, along the narrow



LORD WOLSELEY'S MOTHER.



From a Photo. by]

LORD WOLSELEY'S STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

path right and left of the dangerous trap. Taylor was shot through both legs, and died by my side afterwards. Only a few more yards and we were victors! I fell, shot through the left leg. I thought I was bleeding to death. The men saw me fall and were inclined to go back, and a sergeant named Quin wanted to carry me away. 'Go on! Go on!' I cried with what strength I could—"Go on, men—go on!" They did, scrambled over the parapet—and the enemy bolted."

Such was the first day's real work of the young ensign. He was so badly wounded that he had to lie up for three months, for the best part of two months lying on his back, and for a considerable time afterwards going about on crutches. On his recovery he obtained a lieutenancy in the 90th Light Infantry. Then came the news of the battle of Inkermann. This called him to the Crimea, and on November 19, 1854, he started from Ireland, where he was staying when the news arrived. Here again his conspicuous bravery brought him into prominence; in the Crimea, as in all his subsequent engagements, he practically snapped his fingers at the bullets, and held up his head as a bull's-eye for shells. He was twice wounded—once very badly, which resulted in the loss of the sight of one of his eyes, and the still visible scar on his cheek.

We now come to the week before Sebas-

topol was taken. Young Wolseley was an engineer officer, and, being short of men, experienced fellows were taken from the line for engineering work. The young officer had charge of the advance sap close up to the redoubts. He was to push on the sap at night as fast as possible. The place was very rocky.

"It was a glorious night," continued Lord Wolseley; "the moon was shining, and by its light I was sketching a plan of the

place to pass on to the officer who was to relieve me. I paused for a moment to look at a certain battery, expecting them to open fire. Suddenly I saw a flash! A round shot fell amongst us, and struck the gabion which was filled with stones, scattering them with terrific force amongst us. Both the poor fellows by my side were killed. I fell to the ground. I was lifted up by two men and carried into the camp. My left cheek was lying on my jacket—I thought my jawbone was broken. I was hit all over the face, riddled with the stones and flint. They got me to the doctor's hut—through which a stream of wounded were passing all night—aye, we were losing a battalion a day then. They wanted to patch me up, but I wouldn't let them. I whispered that I had something in my cheek. They said it was my jawbone. But it was not. For the very next morning a sergeant gave me, wrapped in a newspaper, a piece of flint two-and-a-half inches long, which they had pulled out of my cheek with a pair of dentist's forceps."

Such is the story of the scar and the loss of sight of the right eye. Wolseley had to live in a dark cave for many days after this occurrence. He was wounded, however, previous to this, when he fought from sunrise to daybreak next morning—four-and-twenty hours. Utterly exhausted he fell from a wound in the thigh, received whilst getting over a parapet to go out, for



BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

he had to make a trench—the connecting link between the lines—himself. He was found amongst the dead and dying, where he was picked up by a brother officer.

"We won some of our engagements simply through shouting," Lord Wolseley said. "We had no men, and I don't believe we had twenty-five fellows the last time we attacked. We were shouting, shouting, shouting, and afterwards I could not speak for four days, whilst some of the officers lost their voices for a week. We were firing from behind a heap of dead bodies, and I told the bugler to blow his very loudest whilst we cheered, and so the enemy thought we had plenty of men in the rear."

Lord Wolseley referred very merrily to a certain Christmas Day which he spent in the Crimea, and how he made a Christmas pudding, the result of which went a long way to prove that his culinary education had been neglected.

"In the Crimea we messed by companies," he said. "It was Christmas—Christmas in the Crimea. What more natural than—a plum-pudding! A brother officer and myself determined to make one. We had no bread nor flour, only biscuit, which we powdered up in a hollowed-out shell, with

a shot for a pestle. No plums either. But we chopped up some figs, and managed to get a couple of pounds of very bad suet from Balaklava. We had some doubts in our mind as to whether it ought to be roasted or boiled, but finally decided on the latter, and wrapped our mixture up in a towel.

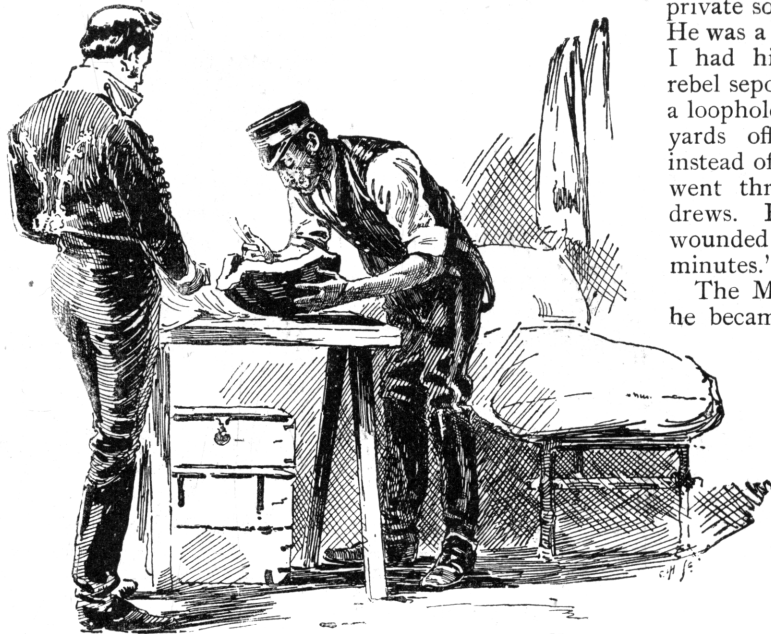
"Now in the ordinary course of events it was not our turn for the trenches, but the pudding had scarcely been boiling half an hour when an officer came in and ordered us out. What was to be done? Eat the Christmas concoction now or to-morrow? Decision—now. And, unmindful of the fact that Christmas puddings take a great deal longer than half an hour to boil, I confess to eating liberally. Away I went to the trenches. About twelve o'clock I thought I was going to expire. It was the only night I ever had to leave the trenches. A regimental doctor got hold of me, and I was on my way home, when the walk did me so much good that I went back again. Since then I have never made a pudding, either Christmas or otherwise."

Then came the Indian Mutiny. He was really bound for China when the Mutiny broke out, and the 90th were the first to

land. Whilst on his way to China in the *Transit*, he was shipwrecked in the Straits of Malacca. Together with his company, he was posted on the lower deck, the only light afforded being that of lanterns. How vivid

the Lucknow Residency. The picture represents me carrying off a wounded man out of fire to a neighbouring shelter. The wounded man was Private Andrews, of my company, one of the *very bravest* private soldiers I ever knew. He was a Londoner. When I had him in my arms a rebel sepoy fired at me from a loophole about six or seven yards off, and the bullet, instead of going through me, went through Private Andrews. He was thus badly wounded twice within a few minutes."

The Mutiny over, in 1858 he became a Major in the 90th Foot, and Lieut.-Colonel in 1859. In 1860 Wolseley was with Sir Hope Grant in China. Here he formed those very decisive and strong opinions of the Chinese which are as great a conviction with him to-day as in the sixties. He believes the Chinese to be the greatest



LORD WOLSELEY'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

W. B. WOLSELEY
-1862

and solemn is the picture! The ship sinking, a thousand souls on board, the men standing at "attention," silent, and waiting for death. In turn they made for the boats, until at last it fell to Wolseley with his 112 men to go on deck, and they were saved. The shipwrecked party lived at Malacca—an almost uninhabited spot—for ten days. They had saved some salt pork from the ship, and this was put into a pot with pieces of baboon!—a most sickening meat. At last Singapore was reached—Wolseley, having lost all he had in the *Transit*, buying a fresh kit at Calcutta, which the enemy eventually burnt at Cawnpore.

Lord Wolseley led the storming party that eventually relieved Lucknow. Our frontispiece is a reproduction of Mr. Wollen's picture, which now hangs in the officers' mess-room of the Marine Artillery at Portsmouth, for which Lord Wolseley sat. In speaking of this picture, Lord Wolseley said:—

"It was at the storming party which I led against the Metee Mohul in November, 1857, which opened out the way into

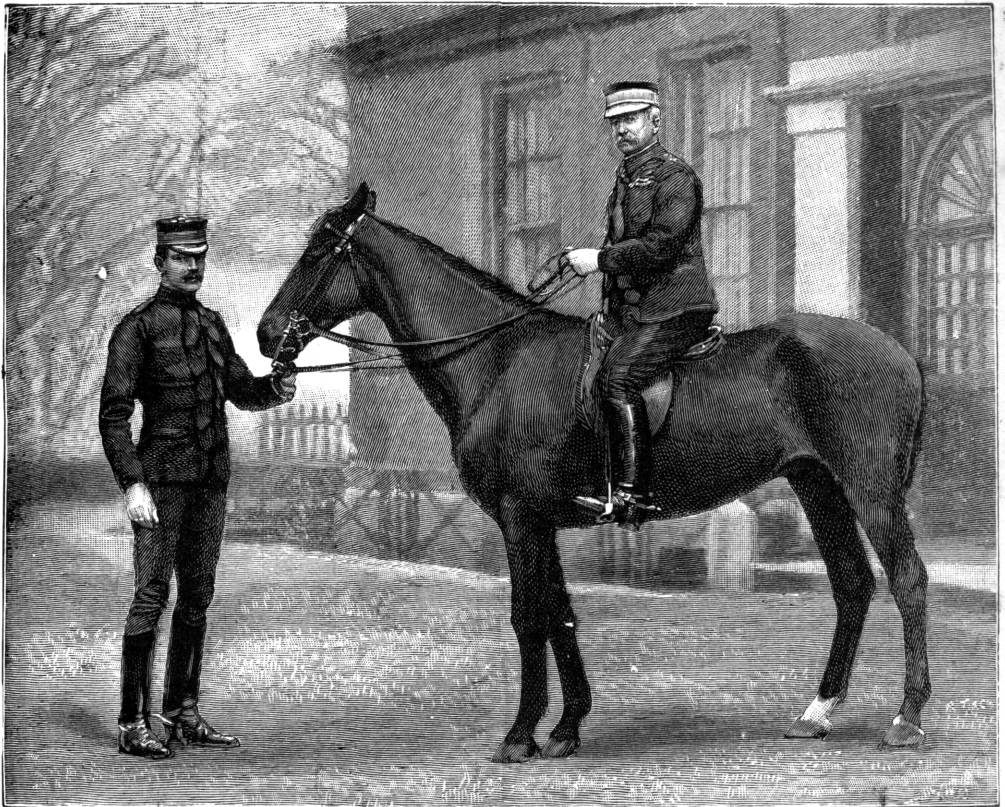
race in the world; they possess all the elements of being a great people, they have courage, physical power, and absolute contempt for death. To-day in that country soldiering is looked down upon; only the "failures in life" enter the army. Let a Bismarck or a Napoleon rise up amongst them, and in two generations they would be the greatest nation and conquering power in the world. They only need a leader. Give them progress and they will conquer. Three hundred years ago they were the head of the world, but their growth was stunted. China wants a modern man with modern ambitions. Let their leader come, and they must revive again.

"So great is their aptitude for learning," Lord Wolseley said, "that I should be glad to have a force of Chinamen here, where, under the tuition of English Infantry officers, in one year they would turn out the finest soldiers in the world."

From China he went to Canada, where in 1870 he was in charge of the Red River

Expedition, of which he had supreme command. For this he was knighted. Then followed a period at the War Office, where he did more to convert our army into a modern fighting machine than any of his predecessors. A short campaign in Ashantee brought him the thanks of Parliament, a grant of £25,000, a K.C.B., and the freedom of the City of London. He was then sent out to Natal to carry out a change of Government. One of the papers stated that "a new Governor had come out to drown the independence of the country in champagne

betrayed into my hands by his Prime Minister. He was surrounded in a kraal, and there was no escape for him. I never spoke to Cetewayo—I refused to—but I can see him now, walking into camp, very dignified, very fat, very kingly in appearance. When I took him he was accompanied by several hundred wives. I gave him three out of these, and shipped him away in a man-o'-war to an island in Table Bay. He was continually asking for more wives—a request I never granted. But at last, when he heard I was returning to England, he sent me a message to the effect



From a Photo. by

LORD WOLSELEY AND LORD EDWARD CECIL.

[Elliott & Fry.]

and sherry," so liberal was he in the entertainments he gave. After a year at the Indian Office he was appointed the first Governor of Cyprus, in 1878. Then the Zulu war broke out. Lord Wolseley had a most amusing anecdote to tell about Cetewayo.

"For six weeks," he said, "we were trying to capture him. He was eventually

that "if I wouldn't give him any more, would I exchange the three he had for three others!"

Not the least interesting part of the time spent at the Royal Hospital was passed in listening to stories associated with the Egyptian Campaign, and reminiscences of General Gordon.

"The Duke of Connaught," said Lord

Wolseley, "was the best brigadier I had there. He was a capital officer, devoted to his men, and a most keen soldier.

"Gordon left London on January 18, 1884; he started from my house, and when he left he said, 'I pray for three people every night of my life, and you are one of them.' When Gordon went to Kartoum he went for God. I think Charley Gordon was one of the two great heroes I have known in my life. I have met abler men, but none so sincere. He was full of courage and determination, honest in everything he did or ever thought of, and totally indifferent to wealth. His departure for the Soudan took place late in the afternoon. There he stood, in a tall silk hat and frock coat. I offered to send him anything he wanted.

"Don't want anything,' he said.

"But you've got no clothes!"

"I'll go as I am!" he said, and he meant it.

"He never had any money; he always gave it away. I know once he had some £7,000. It all went in the establishment of a ragged school for boys.

"I asked him if he had any cash.

"No,' was his calm reply. 'When I left Brussels I had to borrow £25 from the King to pay my hotel bill with.'

"Very well,' I said, 'I'll try and get you some, and meet you at the railway station with it.' I went round to the various clubs and got £300 in gold. I gave the money to Colonel Stewart who went with him: Gordon wasn't to be trusted with it. A week or so passed by when I had a letter from Stewart. He said, 'You remember the £300 you gave me? When we arrived at Port Said a great crowd came out to cheer Gordon. Amongst them was an old sheik to whom Gordon was much attached, and who had become poor and blind. Gordon got the money, and gave the whole of it to him!'

"I left England the August following his departure. Early in April I had pressed the Government to relieve him. My calculation was that he wouldn't hold out beyond November 15, 1884—based, of course, on the amount of provisions and ammunition which he possessed. Never in history was there such a race—about 1,800 miles up the Nile from the sea, when we lost at the post by a neck. The Mahdi made pretence that he had won a great victory by taking round a few helmets he had picked up. The people of Kartoum were starving—existing at last on herbs and roots. Charley Gordon would have been alive to-day had not poor Stewart been struck down.

"Colonel Stewart was the handsomest man in the army. He could do anything. I picked him up as a captain in Zululand. When I first landed, and, on reaching Korti, found Gordon in extremes, I had made up my mind to send the Camel Corps, which Stewart commanded, across the desert. But we couldn't move. Both men I sent were killed. I rode into the desert with Stewart when he was starting across the sandy plain.

"Now, Stewart,' I said, 'I'll make use of an Irishism. I'll never forgive you if you get killed.'

"I won't!" he cried, and wrung my hand, as he rode away.

"Poor Stewart! When he was dying he wrote me a message, apologising for



"I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU IF YOU GET KILLED."

having got killed. When I heard he was wounded it was a great blow to me. I was connected by telegraph from Korti to England, and I wired to Lord Hartington—'Stewart wounded, chance of living, strongly recommend him a Major-General.' Within twelve hours the Queen made him a Major-General. I believe in the sudden delivery of good news to a wounded man in battle. It held Stewart up for days, but he finally succumbed, and was buried in the desert.

"I have never smoked since I was in the desert in 1885. I once used to smoke in all actions, and in India demolished some twenty cigars a day. I thought smoking injurious to the nerves, and I wanted every iota of nerve before I went up to take Kartoum. I remember, too, I did not smoke for a week before Tel-el-Kebir was won. I used to carry a case containing six regalias. After the fight was over and I had despatched my telegram to England, I went off to find a poor *aide-de-camp*. I lit a cigar. By the time I found him I had smoked a couple, and finally finished the whole half-dozen, and excellent cigars they were, too."

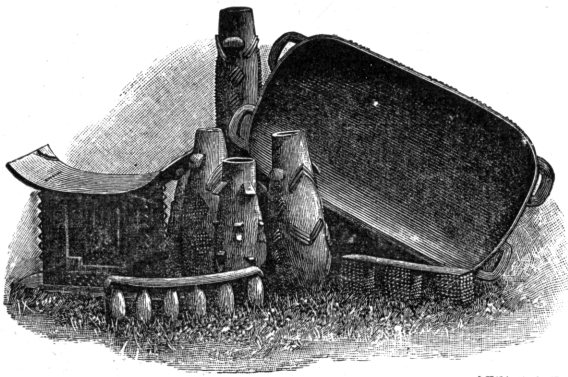
On Lord Wolseley's return from Egypt he was elevated to the rank of Viscount.

In reply to a question regarding compulsory service, Lord Wolseley said: "It is a mistake to imagine that I have ever advocated universal service for England. I have on more than one occasion pointed out the great benefits which must accrue to any nation that has the patriotism to adopt such a system. I have done so by balancing the pros and cons on this particular point. The advantages are, briefly, that you supplement your ordinary schools of education in which the mind alone is taught and trained. By a service of a couple of years in

the army, such as the young German soldier receives, you develop his physical power, you make a man of him in body and in strength, as the schools he had been at previously had made a man of him mentally. You teach him habits of cleanliness, tidiness, punctuality, reverence for superiors, and obedience to those above him, and you do this in a way that no other species of machinery that I have ever been acquainted with could possibly fulfil. In fact, you give him all the qualities calculated to make him a thoroughly useful and loyal citizen when he leaves the colours, and returns home to civil life. And of this I am quite certain, that the nation which has the courage and the patriotism to insist on all its sons undergoing this species of education and training for at least two or three generations, will consist of men and women far better calculated to be the fathers and mothers of healthy and vigorous children than the nation which allows its young people to grow up without any physical training, although they may cram their heads with all sorts of scientific knowledge in their national schools. In other words, the race in two or three generations will be stronger, more vigorous, and therefore braver, and more calculated to make the nation to which they belong great and powerful. Such a system must necessarily be a burden upon the people, entailing upon the present generation a considerable loss of time, and many other drawbacks, all to be endured for a great future benefit to the nation. In fact, the plan means a certain amount of self-abnegation to

the individual for the sake of the future of the nation to which that individual belongs."

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by] CETEWAYO'S MILK-PAIS, DISH, AND PILLOWS. [Elliott & Fry.

IN THE INTERESTS OF SCIENCE

THE STORY OF A BURGLARY.

FROM THE GERMAN.



ALTHOUGH I had known George Martin a long time, he had only lately initiated me into the mysteries of his life. I knew well that he had been guilty of many kinds of excesses and indiscretions in his youth, nevertheless I was not a little astonished to hear that he had once sunk so low as burglary. Without further remark I here relate the chief episode out of the remarkable career of this strange man:—

"Yes," said he, "I had a hard time of it in those days, and finally I became a—burglar. When Robert Schmiedlein proposed to me that we should break into the somewhat retired house of two doctors, Dr. Engler and Dr. Langner, I thoughtlessly agreed. Both doctors were well known on account of their scientific researches, and one of them especially for his eccentric manner.

"Well, the night fixed for the carrying out of our design arrived, and we went to work with the greatest confidence, for all the circumstances were favourable for a burglary. It was pitch dark, neither moon nor stars visible, and in addition a strong west wind was blowing, which was very welcome to us, as it promised to drown every sound, however slight.

"It was towards two in the morning as we, assuming all was safe, began by filing through a chain which fastened a ladder to the wall. The ladder we placed under a window in the first story on the left side of the house. In less than five minutes we had opened the window, and, hearing nothing, Schmiedlein climbed through it and I followed him. After

carefully reclosing the venetians we ventured to light a lantern, and then discovered that we were in a kind of lumber-room, the door of which was locked.

"After picking the lock, we determined first to explore the rooms on the ground floor, thinking we should thus run less risk of waking the inhabitants of the house.

"To our no little astonishment we perceived, as we crept downstairs, a light shining under the door of one of the rooms at the back of the building.

"At first we were both for beating a hasty retreat. Schmiedlein soon recovered himself, and proposed we should force our way into the room, bind and gag every



"PICKING THE LOCK."

occupant, and then obtain by threats all desirable information.

"I agreeing, we approached the door. While carefully throwing the light round, I noticed, about seven feet from the floor, a wire which appeared to pass through the door we were approaching, and on pointing it out to my companion, he thought it would be connected with some bell.

"I replied in a whisper that we should try and avoid an alarm by cutting the wire, and as I could just reach it with my hands I would hold it firm whilst Schmiedlein cut it between my hands, and thus prevent it jerking back and ringing the bell.

"Setting the lantern on the floor, I seized the wire, whilst Schmiedlein drew a pair of pincers out of his pocket. But the moment I touched it I felt a frightful shock, which quivered through and through me, so that I fell all of a heap, tearing the wire down with me. I remember hearing the loud ringing of a bell, whilst Schmiedlein—whom, moreover, I have never seen since—disappeared like lightning into the darkness and escaped, very likely by the way we had come.

"On falling down I struck my head



"I FELL ALL OF A HEAP."

violently against the opposite wall and became unconscious, whilst the electric bell—at that time a novelty—rang unceasingly.

"Regaining my senses, I found myself bound and helpless, which after all did not surprise me, as I concluded I had been caught where I fell. It soon struck me, however, that there were some peculiar circumstances connected with my captivity.

"I was nearly undressed, and lay on

a cold slab of slate which was about the height of a table from the ground, and only a piece of linen protected my body from immediate contact with the stone. Straight above me hung a large lamp, whose polished reflector spread a bright light far around, and when I, as far as possible, looked round, I perceived several shelves with bottles, flasks, and chemical apparatus of all kinds upon them. In one corner of the room stood a complete human skeleton, and various odds and ends of human bodies hung here and there upon the walls. I then knew I was lying on the operation—or dissecting—table of a doctor, a discovery which naturally troubled me greatly; at the same time I perceived that my mouth also was firmly gagged.

"What did it all mean? Had some accident befallen me, so that a surgical operation was necessary for my recovery? But I remembered nothing of the kind, and also felt no pain; nevertheless here I lay, stripped and helpless, on this terrible table . . . gagged and bound, which indicated something extraordinary.

"It astonished me not a little that there should be such an operation-room in such a house, until I remembered that Dr. Langner, as the district physician, had to carry out the post-mortem examinations for the circuit, and that in the small provincial town no other room was available for such a purpose. I felt too miserable, however, to think anything more about it. But I soon noticed, after another vain effort to free myself, that I was not alone in the room, for I

heard the rustling of paper, and then someone said in quiet, measured tones:—

"Yes, Langner, I am quite convinced that this man is particularly suited for the carrying out of my highly important experiment. How long have I been wishing to make the attempt—at last, to-night, I shall be able to produce the proof of my theory."

"That would indeed be a high triumph

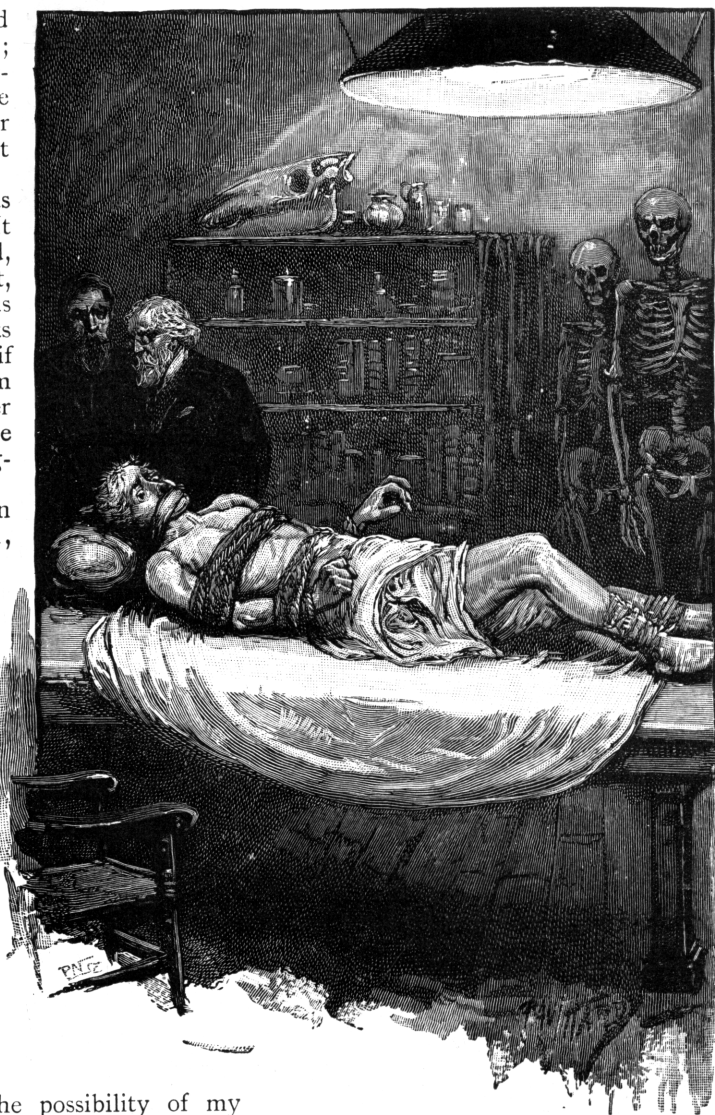
of human skill,' I heard a second voice reply; 'but consider, dear doctor, if that man there were to expire under our hands—what then?'

"Impossible!" was the quick reply. 'It is bound to succeed, and even if it did not, he will die a glorious death in the interests of science; whilst, if we were to let him go, he would sooner or later fall into the hands of the hangman.'

"I could not even see the two men, yet their conversation was, doubtless, about me; and, hearing it, I shuddered from head to foot. They were proposing some dangerous operation on me, not for my benefit, but in the interests of medical science!"

"At any rate, I thought, they won't undertake such a thing without my sanction; and what, after all, was their intention? It must be something terrible, for they had already mentioned the possibility of my succumbing. I should soon know the fearful truth, for, after a short pause, they continued—

"It has long been acknowledged that the true source of life lies in the blood. What I wish to prove, dear Langner, is this. Nobody need die from pure loss of blood, and yet such cases occur only too often, whilst we must all the time be in possession of means to renew this highly important sap of life, and thus avoid a fatal result. We read of a few, but only a few, cases of a man who for some reason or other has lost so much blood that his death appeared inevitable, if some other noble-hearted man had not offered his own



"I SHUDDERED FROM HEAD TO FOOT."

blood, in order to let it flow from his veins into the veins of the dying man. As you are aware, this proceeding has always had the desired effect. I consider it, however, a great mistake to deprive a fellow-being of necessary blood, for the one thereby only gains life and strength at the cost of another, who offers himself for an always dangerous sacrifice.'

"Yes, I do not think that right either," replied Dr. Langner. 'And, moreover, how seldom is a man found at the critical moment, ready to submit himself at once to such a dangerous loss of blood.'

"That is very natural ; no one lightly undertakes such a thing," continued the other. 'So much greater will be our triumph if the operation succeeds. I hope to show you, dear colleague, that although we are thinking of taking that man's blood, even to the last drop, in a few hours we shall set him on his feet again.'

"Just so ! I do not see why we should not succeed. At any rate, in the interests of science we should prove in a practical manner the correctness of our theory.'

"And this proof, dear friend, we will undertake without delay. Let me just repeat my instructions, for we cannot go to work too carefully to preserve the life of this man. I will open a vein in his thigh, and measure exactly the quantity of blood which flows out, at the same time watching the beating of the heart. Under ordinary circumstances nothing could possibly save him ; but just before the extinction of the last spark of life, we will insert the warm blood of a living rabbit into his veins, as we have already arranged. If my theory is right, the pulsation of the heart will then gradually increase in strength and rapidity. At the same time, it is important to protect his limbs from cold and stiffness, which will naturally take place with the loss of all arterial blood.'

"The conversation of the two doctors overwhelmed me with deadly terror. I could scarcely believe I was really awake, and not the victim of some cruel nightmare.

"The fact remained, however, that I lay helpless on the dissecting-table, that a threatening skeleton stood in the corner of the room, and, above all, that terrible conversation which I had to listen to in silence filled me with a fear such as I had never before experienced. Involuntarily the thought forced itself upon me that I was at the mercy of two infatuated doctors, to whose mad theory I should here fall the victim.

"I said to myself that no doctor with a sound mind would propose such a frightful and murderous experiment upon a living man.

"The two doctors now approached the dissecting-table, and looked calmly into my face ; then, smiling, took off their coats, and tucked up their sleeves. I struggled to get free, as only a desperate man under such extraordinary circumstances could have

struggled. In vain. Their long-acquired experience knew how to render me completely helpless, and, to their satisfaction, I could not even make a sound.

"Dr. Engler now turned to a side-table, and I saw him open a chest of surgical instruments and take out a lancet, with which he returned to me. He at once removed the covering from my right thigh, and although I lay bound to the table in such a way that I could not see my limbs, I was able to watch the doctor busied with his preparations.

"Directly after removing the cloth I felt a prick in the side of my leg, and at once felt the warm blood rush forth and trickle down my leg. The conviction that he had opened the principal vein in the thigh would have sufficed to shake the strongest nerves.

"'There is no danger,' said Dr. Engler, looking into my staring, protruding eyes



"I STRUGGLED TO GET FREE."

with terrible calmness. 'You will not die, my good man. I have only opened an artery in your thigh, and you will experience all the sensations of bleeding to death. You will get weaker and weaker, and finally, perhaps, lose all consciousness, but we shall not let you die. No, no !

You must live, and astonish the scientific world through my great discovery !'

"I naturally could say nothing in reply, and no words can adequately express what I felt at that moment. I could, in one breath, have wept, implored, cursed, and raved.

"Meanwhile I felt my life's blood flowing, and could hear it drop into a vessel standing under the end of the table. Every moment the doctor laid his hand on my heart, at the same time making remarks which only increased my horror.

"After he had put his hand on me for at least the twentieth time, and felt the beating of the heart, he said to his assistant—

"Are you ready with your preparations, Langner? He has now lost an enormous quantity of blood, and the pulsation is getting weaker and weaker. See, he is already losing consciousness, and with these words he took the gag out of my mouth.

"A feeling of deadly weakness, as well as of infinite misery, laid hold of me when the physician uttered these words, and on my attempting to speak, I found that scarcely a

whispering murmur passed my lips. Shadowy phantoms and strange colours flitted before my eyes, and I believed myself to be already in a state past all human aid.

"What happened in the next few minutes I do not know, for I had fainted. When I reopened my eyes, I noticed I no longer lay on the dissecting table, but was sitting in an arm-chair in a comfortable room, near which stood the two doctors looking at me.

"Near me was a flask of wine, several smelling-salts, a few basins of cold water, some sponges, and a galvanic battery. It was now bright daylight, and the two doctors smiled as they looked at me.

"When I remembered the terrible experiment, I shuddered with horror, and tried to rise. I felt too weak, however, and

sank back helpless into the chair. Then the circuit physician, in a friendly but firm voice, addressed me—

"Compose yourself, young man. You imagined you were slowly bleeding to death; nevertheless, be assured that you have not lost a single drop of blood. You have undergone no operation whatever, but have simply been the victim of your own imagination. We knew very well you heard every word of our conversation, a conversation which was only intended to deceive you as much as possible. What I maintained was, that a man's body will always completely lie under the influence of what he himself firmly believes, whilst my colleague, on the other hand, held the



"WHEN I REOPENED MY EYES I WAS SITTING IN AN ARM-CHAIR."

opinion that the body can never be hurt by anything which only exists in the imagination. This has long been an open question between us, which, after your capture, we at once determined to decide. So we surrounded you with objects of a nature to influence your imagination, aided further by our conversation; and, finally, your conviction, that we would really carry out the operation of which you heard us speak, completed the deception.

"You have now the satisfaction of knowing that you are as safe and sound as ever you were. At the same time we assure you that you really showed all the symptoms of a man bleeding to death, a proof that the body can sometimes suffer from the most absurd unreality that the mind can imagine."

"Astonishment, joy, and doubt at finding myself neither dead nor dying struggled within me, and then rage at having been subjected to such an awful and heartless experiment by the two doctors, overcame me. I was quickly interrupted by Dr. Engler, however, on trying to give free scope to my indignation.

"We had not exactly any right to undertake such an experiment with you," he said; "but we thought you would pardon us if we delivered you from certain punishment, instead of having to undergo a painful trial and a long imprisonment for burglary. You are certainly at liberty to complain about us; but consider, my good fellow, if such a step is in your interests? I do not think so. On the other hand, we are quite willing to make you a fitting compensation for all the agony you have suffered."

"Under the circumstances," continued George Martin, "I considered it wise to accept their proposal, although I have not to this day forgiven the two men for so treating me.

"The doctors kept their promise. They made me a very handsome present, and troubled themselves about me in other ways, so that since that time I have been a more fortunate, and, I hope, a better man. Still, I have never forgotten the hour when I lay on the dissecting-table—the unexpected victim of a terrible experiment—in the interests of science, as Dr. Engler explained."

Such was the strange story of my friend. His death, which recently took place, released me from the promise of secrecy given to him about an event, which he could never recall, even after a lapse of thirty years, without a feeling of unabated horror.

Parrot Stories.



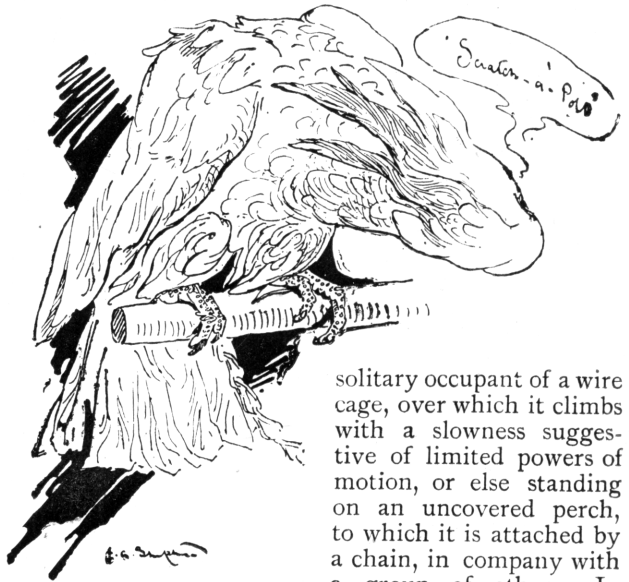
F all the members of the feathered tribes, there are none which have been greater favourites, and have been regarded with a greater degree of genuine attachment, than parrots. The beauty of their plumage, with its wealth and variety of gorgeous colours, their symmetry of form, and their gracefulness of manner, would alone have been sufficient

to give them their popularity. But the closest link they have established with our affections is, of course, found in their wonderful faculty for the repetition of spoken words and various familiar sounds, together with their possession, in many instances, of a reasoning power which suggests that they are not

always mere imitators, but really understand the general sense of what they say. Combined with this power of speech, the fond attachment which they are capable of showing towards those who feed or are otherwise kind to them leads to their being among the most favoured, as they seem to be also among the best fitted, companions of human beings. This place of honour in the animal world they have held for very many centuries. There was, indeed, a time when they were regarded in India and elsewhere as sacred; and anybody who dared to injure one of them was regarded as guilty of a dreadful crime. It is true that since then they have fallen somewhat from their high estate, and that in this more degenerate age the common Amazon parrot has been shot in great numbers in the eastern parts of Brazil for the prosaic purpose of

making a particular kind of soup, to which the natives are partial; while the naturalist Gould waxes quite eloquent when he sounds the praises of parakeet pie. But, in our own country, though we do not go either to the one extreme of holding them sacred, or to the other extreme of putting them into pies, parrots still occupy a place of honour in our households; and a well-behaved "Pretty Poll" who has been duly instructed in the accomplishments of her kind, is still the source of as great a degree of pleasure as ever.

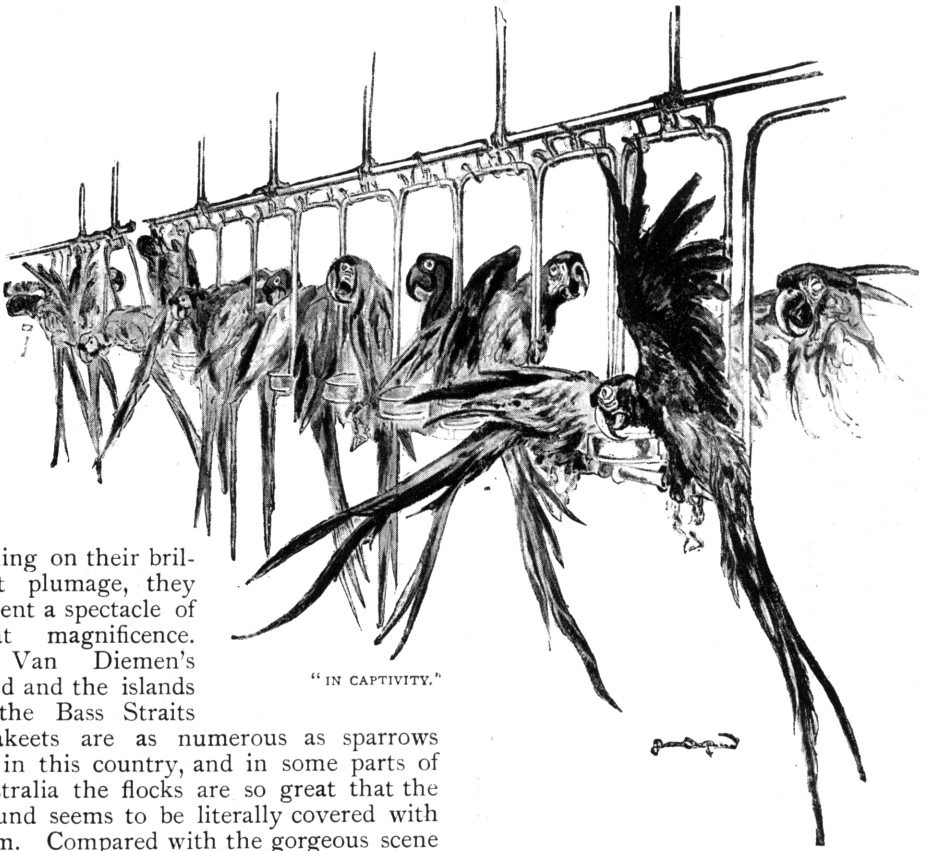
Yet those English people who do not travel far beyond the limits of their own land fail to see the parrot to the best advantage. Their acquaintance with the bird is chiefly confined to seeing it either the



"PRETTY POLL!"

solitary occupant of a wire cage, over which it climbs with a slowness suggestive of limited powers of motion, or else standing on an uncovered perch, to which it is attached by a chain, in company with a group of others. In their native condition, however, the parrots are

found in vast assemblies, which are often a thousand or more in number, and, seen clustered together and talking in loud and excited tones on the trees of some dark forest or sequestered swamp, or taking long, though low, flights through the air to their favourite watering places, with the sun



"IN CAPTIVITY."

shining on their brilliant plumage, they present a spectacle of great magnificence. In Van Diemen's Land and the islands of the Bass Straits parakeets are as numerous as sparrows are in this country, and in some parts of Australia the flocks are so great that the ground seems to be literally covered with them. Compared with the gorgeous scene which they must present in these circumstances, even such a collection as may be found at the Zoological Gardens in London falls altogether into insignificance.

Le Vaillant, in his description of the habits of the *Psittachus infuscatus*, says that every bird keeps loyally to its own mate, and at daybreak the whole of the colony located in a particular district assemble with a great noise, perch on one or more dead trees, according to their number, and expose their plumage to the first rays of the rising sun, for the purpose of drying their feathers, which will have become soaked in the heavy dews of the night.

Altogether, something like 170 kinds of parrots have been enumerated as inhabiting various parts of the globe, and there are, naturally, great variations in size, plumage, and powers in the different species. In size they range from birds not much bigger than a thrush to others such as the great green macaw, and the red and blue macaw, which measure forty inches in length, the tail alone being nearly two feet long. In

their plumage they may have all the colours of the rainbow, or one colour only, while in accomplishments they range from the deafening shrieks of macaws, to the "gentle soft warbling kind of song" of the grass or zebra parakeet of Australia, and the marvellous powers of speech of the true parrots. But the most talented of all these varieties is the grey parrot, which is a native of West Africa, and, when taken young, and well trained, displays some really wonderful gifts. In the days of sailing ships, the sailors who brought the birds home were able to spend a good deal of time in teaching them before they arrived here; but the shortening of the voyages, owing to the powerful steamers now in use, has led to the education of the parrots being less advanced when they reach England than was formerly the case. On the other hand, however, their vocabulary of sailors' expletives is not so extensive, and this is some consolation for the falling off in other respects, one oddity about parrots being that when once they learn really wicked words they never seem to forget them, and the most moral



"MATED."

training never completely frees their good manners from the corruption of evil communications.

Many parrots will live from twenty to



7 a. Shepherd

"LANGUAGE."

thirty years, and Le Vaillant mentions one which attained the venerable age of 93. It was the property of an Amsterdam merchant, and it talked remarkably well. It

would fetch its master's night-cap and slippers, and would call out if any stranger came into the shop when no one was there to serve, screaming until somebody came. It had a good memory, and easily learnt sentences in Dutch; but at 60 this faculty began to fail, at 65 the moulting was irregular, and at 90 the bird was decrepit, blind, and voiceless, gradually sinking into a kind of lethargy, in which condition it finally died.

Another famous parrot was that of Colonel O'Kelly, in whose family it had been for fifty years, being so much thought of that one hundred



ending of 4

"THE VENERABLE AGE OF 93."

guineas were refused for it. The accomplishments of this bird, whose death will be found recorded in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1802, have been thus described:—

"The tone of his singing was very odd. It



"AN ACCURATE EAR FOR MUSIC."

sounded like an automaton imitating the human voice. The maid prompted him to sing 'God Save the King.' He sang all the verses of it, but now and then wandered into 'The Banks of the Dee,' which seemed his favourite, and one or two Scotch songs, the names of which I forget. . . . Col. O'Kelly told us that his power of catching sounds was quite astonishing; that on one occasion when a newspaper had been read aloud in his presence, the Colonel, on coming into the room, half an hour after, had, as he opened the door, been convinced by the sound that the same person was still reading aloud, and was scarcely able to believe that it was the parrot repeating to himself inarticulate sounds precisely in the tone and manner of the reader."

Among other peculiarities of the same bird may be mentioned its possession of an accurate ear for music, so that it would beat time while it whistled, and if it mistook a note it would revert to the bar where the mistake occurred, and finish the tune quite

correctly. It could, too, not only answer questions but give orders and express its wants in a manner strongly suggestive of a rational being.

When Prince Maurice was Governor of Brazil he heard of the remarkable conversational powers of a certain old parrot that was said to be able to answer questions just like a reasoning creature. He accordingly sent for the bird, which was brought into a room where the Prince was with a number of other persons. A few minutes afterwards the bird called out, "What a company of white men are here!" Asked "who he thought that man was," the Prince being pointed to, it answered, "Some general or other." The Prince then asked, "Where do you come from?" "From Marinnan," answered the bird. "To whom do you belong?" "To a Portuguese." "What do you do there?" "I watch the chickens." The Prince laughed, and asked, "You watch the chickens?" "Yes;



"GIVING ORDERS."

and I know how to do it well," rejoined the bird, which then called out three or four times, "chuck! chuck!" as though bringing a number of chickens together.

A friend of Buffon's possessed a yellow-winged parrot which showed great attachment to its master, but was very capricious in its temper, expecting a full return for every demonstration of its civility. It would, in play, sometimes bite a little too hard and then laugh heartily. If rebuked it became refractory, and could only be reclaimed by gentle and kind treatment. It was dull and silent if confined in its cage, but when set at liberty chattered incessantly, and repeated everything that was said.

Alexander Wilson, the author of "American Ornithology," while on one of his expeditions caught a parrot, which he put in a cage and placed under the piazza of a house where he stayed, below Natchez. By its call it soon attracted the passing flocks of parrots, and, such is the attachment these birds have for one another, numerous parties frequently alighted on the trees immediately above, keeping up a constant conversation with the prisoner. "One of these," Mr. Wilson continues, "I wounded slightly in the wing, and the pleasure Poll expressed on meeting with this new companion was really amusing. She crept close up to it as it hung on the side of the cage, chattered to it in a low tone of voice,

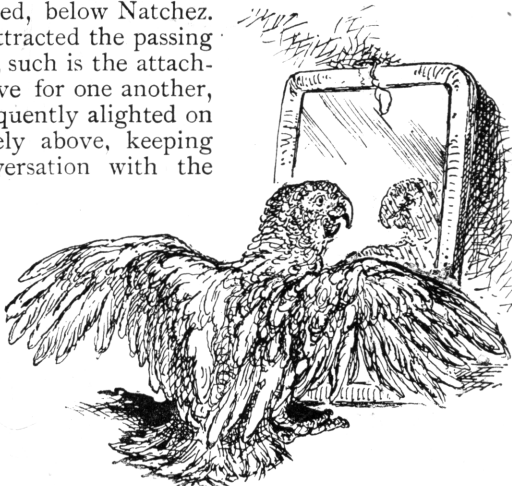
as if sympathising in its misfortune, scratched about its head and neck with her bill, and both, at night, nestled as close together as possible, sometimes Poll's head being thrust among the plumage of the other. On the death of this companion she appeared restless and inconsolable for several days. On reaching New Orleans I placed a looking-glass beside the place where she usually sat, and the instant she perceived the image all her former fondness seemed to return, so that she could scarcely absent herself from it a moment. It was evident that she was completely deceived. Always when evening drew on, and often during the day, she laid her head close to that of the image in the glass, and began to doze

with great composure and satisfaction. In this short space she had learnt to know her name, to answer and come when called on, to climb up my clothes, sit on my shoulder, and eat from my mouth."

A friend of Mr. Wood's family had a grey parrot which became so energetic in her demonstrations of affection towards some young goldfinches she found in a nest in a rose tree, that she frightened the parents away, and then, seeing them deserted, herself became their foster-mother. "She was so attentive to her little charges that she refused to go back to her cage, and remained with the little birds by night as well as by day, feeding them carefully, and forcing them to open their beaks if they refused her attentions. When they were able to hop about they were very

fond of getting on her back, where four of them would gravely sit, while the fifth, which was the youngest, or at all events the smallest, always preferred to perch on Polly's head. With all these little ones on her back Polly would very deliberately walk up and down the lawn as if to give them exercise, and would sometimes vary her performance by rising into the air, thus setting the ten little wings in

violent motion, and giving the five little birds a hard task to remain on her back. By degrees they became less timid, and when she rose from the ground they would leave her back and fly down. They were but ungrateful little creatures after all; for when they were fully fledged they flew away, and never came back again to their foster-mother. Poor Polly was for some time in great trouble about the desertion of her foster-children, but soon consoled herself by taking care of another little brood. These belonged to a pair of hedge-sparrows, whose home had been broken up by the descent of some large bird. Polly found the little birds in dire distress, and contrived in some ingenious manner to get



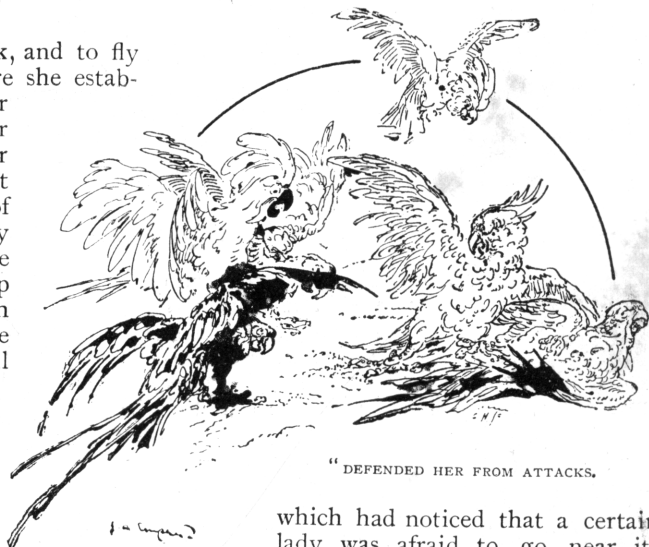
"SHE WAS COMPLETELY DECEIVED."



"A FOSTER-MOTHER!"

them, one by one, on her back, and to fly with them to her cage. Here she established the little family, never entering the cage except for the purpose of attending to her young charge. The oddest part of the matter was that one of the parents survived, and Polly was seen to talk to her in the most absurd manner, mixing up her acquired vocabulary with that universal bird-language that seems to be common to all the feathered tribes, and plentifully interlarding her discourse with sundry profane expressions. At last the instinctive language conquered the human, and the two birds seemed to understand each other perfectly."

A somewhat similar instance is recorded by Mr. Buxton, as quoted by Darwin in



"DEFENDED HER FROM ATTACKS."

which had noticed that a certain lady was afraid to go near its perch thought it a good joke, whenever the lady did approach, to set up its feathers and yell and screech in the most hideous way, as if it intended to attack her, doing all this evidently for no other reason than the pleasure of seeing her run away terrified.

There is, too, a strong suspicion of "a good joke," on the part of the parrot, in a story told in Lord Dundonald's autobiography. This particular parrot was on board ship, and had picked up a number of nautical phrases. The vessel was visited one day by some



"THE TWO BIRDS SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER PERFECTLY."

ladies, who were taken on board seated on a chair to which a rope, worked by a pulley, was attached. Two or three of the ladies had reached the deck safely, and another was in mid-air, when suddenly a clear voice rang out, "Let go!" The

brought forward. The cover was taken off the cage, and thereupon the bird looked around and suddenly exclaimed, "By Jove, what a lot of parrots!" It was awarded the prize at once.

Another parrot we have heard of, which also endeavoured to rise to the occasion, was the property of a publichouse-keeper whose patrons were characteristic for their thirst rather than for their patience and politeness. One day the bird escaped from its cage in the bar. It was discovered shortly afterwards on a tree, surrounded by a flock of rooks who were pecking at it from every side while the parrot was calling out, "One at a time, gentlemen! One at a time!"

Mr. Jesse gives a remarkable account of a parrot which belonged to a resident at Hampton Court, whose sister had supplied him with the narrative. "As you wished me," says the lady,



"PUSSY MARCHED MAJESTICALLY ROUND THE ROOM."

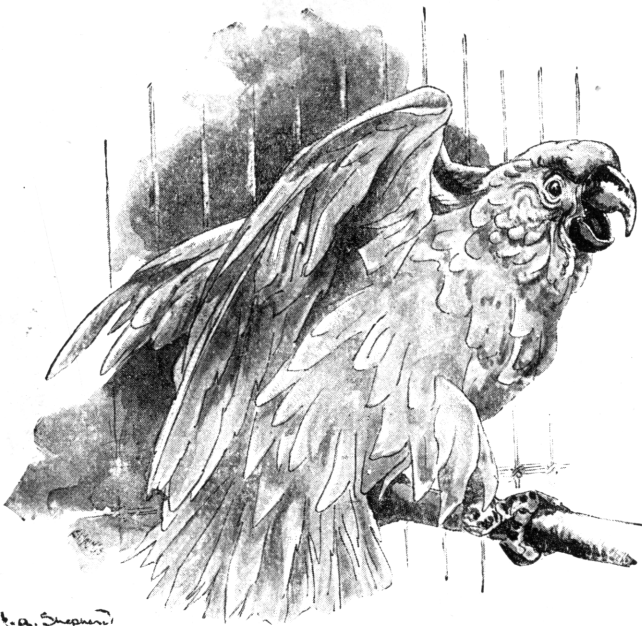
sailors, thinking it was the boatswain who had given the order, obeyed it instantly, the result being that the lady had a cold bath in the sea. It is scarcely necessary to relate that the order to "Let go" came, not from the boatswain, but from the parrot!

Mr. Wood gives an interesting account supplied to him by a correspondent concerning a ringed parakeet, which, on reaching Plymouth from Trincomalee, "was put into a rickety old cage, with two buns for her nourishment, and sent all by herself in the train to London. On her arrival there, she was forwarded to a person who had formerly been confidential servant to my wife. One morning this person, hearing a great chattering down-stairs, looked in at her back-parlour door, and there, to her infinite surprise, she saw Polly seated upon the cat's back, chattering away, while pussy was majestically marching round the room."

A parrot show was once held in the North of England, at which, among the prizes, there was one to be given to the bird that could talk the best. Several had been produced, and showed off their accomplishments; and then another was



"DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!"



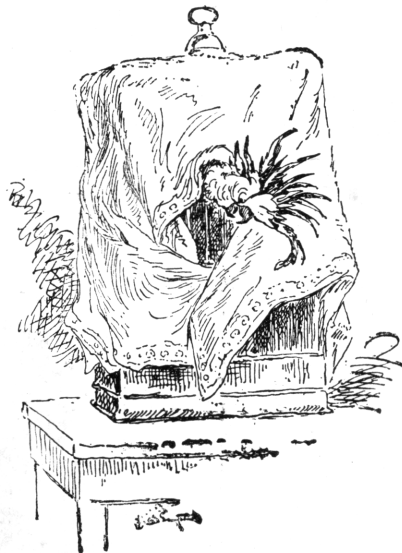
L. A. Shepard

"NO, YOU WON'T!"

"to write down whatever I could recollect about my sister's wonderful parrot, I proceed to do so, only premising that I will tell you nothing but what I can vouch for having myself heard. Her laugh is quite extraordinary, and it is impossible not to join in it oneself, more especially when, in the midst of it, she cries out, 'Don't make me laugh so! I shall die! I shall die!' and then continues laughing more violently than before. Her crying and sobbing are curious, and if you say, 'Poor Poll! What is the matter?' she says, 'So bad—so bad! Got such a cold!' and after crying for some time will gradually cease, and, making a noise like drawing a long breath, say, 'Better now,' and begin to

laugh. The first time I ever heard her speak was one day when I was talking to the maid at the bottom of the stairs, and heard what I then considered to be a child call out, 'Payne' (the maid's name), 'I am not well—I am not well!' On my saying, 'What's the matter with that child?' she replied, 'It's only the parrot! She always does so when I leave her alone, to make me come back.' So it proved, for, on her going into the room, the parrot stopped, and then began laughing, quite in a jeering way. It is singular enough that when she is affronted in any way, she begins to cry; and, when pleased, to laugh. If anyone happens to cough or sneeze, she says, 'What a bad cold!' One day when

the children were playing with her, the maid came into the room, and, on their repeating to her several things which the parrot had said, Poll looked up and said, quite plainly, 'No, I didn't!' Sometimes when she is inclined to be mischievous the maid threatens to beat her; and she often says, 'No, you won't!' Before I was well acquainted with her, as I am now, she would stare in my face for some time, and then say, 'How d'ye do, ma'am?' This she invariably does to strangers. One day I went into the room where she was, and said, to try her, 'Poll, where is Payne gone?' and to my astonishment, and almost dismay, she said, 'Downstairs!'"



The Lost Legion.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.



WHEN the Indian Mutiny broke out, and a little time before the siege of Delhi, a regiment of Native Irregular Horse was stationed at Peshawur on the frontier of India. That regiment caught what John Lawrence called at the time "the prevalent mania" and would have thrown in its lot with the mutineers, had it been allowed to do so. The chance never came, for, as the regiment swept off down south, it was headed off by a remnant of an English corps into the hills of Afghanistan, and there the tribesmen, newly conquered by the English, turned against it as wolves turn against buck. It was hunted for the sake of its arms and accoutrements from hill to hill, from ravine to ravine, up and down the dried beds of rivers and round the shoulders of bluffs, till it disappeared as water sinks in the sand — this officerless, rebel regiment. The only trace left of its existence to-day is a nominal roll drawn up in neat round-hand and countersigned by an officer who called himself "Adjutant, late — Irregular Cavalry." The paper is yellow with years and dirt, but on the back of it you can still read a pencil note by John Lawrence, to this effect: "See that the two native officers who remained loyal are not deprived of their estates.—J. L." Of six hundred and fifty sabres only two stood the strain, and John Lawrence in the midst of all the agony of the first months of the Mutiny found time to think about their merits.

That was more than thirty years ago, and

the tribesmen across the Afghan border who helped to annihilate the regiment are now old men. Sometimes a greybeard speaks of his share in the massacre. "They came," he will say, "across the Border, very proud, calling upon us to rise and kill the English, and go down to the sack of Delhi. But we who had just been conquered by the same English knew that they were over-bold, and that the Government could account easily for those down-country dogs. This Hindustani regiment, therefore, we treated with fair words, and kept stand-

ing in one place till the redcoats came after them very hot and angry. Then this regiment ran forward a little more into our hills to avoid the wrath of the English, and we lay upon their flanks watching from the sides of the hills till we were well assured that their path was lost behind them. Then we came down, for we desired their clothes, and their bridles, and their rifles, and their boots — more especially their boots. That was a great killing — done slowly." Here the old man will rub



"SOMETIMES A GREYBEARD SPEAKS OF HIS SHARE IN THE MASSACRE."

his nose, and shake his snaky locks, and lick his bearded lips, grinning till the yellow tooth-stumps show. "Yea, we killed them because we needed their gear, and we knew that their lives had been forfeited to God on account of their sin — the sin of treachery to the salt which they had eaten. They rode up and down the valleys, stumbling and rocking in their saddles, and howling for mercy. We drove them slowly like cattle till they were all assembled in one place, the flat, wide valley of Sheor Kôt. Many had died



"PULLING THEM DOWN WITH OUR HANDS, TWO AT A TIME."

from want of water, but there still were many left, and they could not make any stand. We went among them pulling them down with our hands two at a time, and our boys killed them who were new to the sword. My share of the plunder was such and such—so many guns, and so many saddles. The guns were good in those days. Now we steal the Government rifles, and despise smooth barrels. Yes, beyond doubt we wiped that regiment from off the face of the earth, and even the memory of the deed is now dying. But men say——"

At this point the tale would stop abruptly, and it was impossible to find out what men said across the Border. The Afghans were always a secretive race, and vastly preferred *doing something wicked to saying anything at all*. They would for months be quiet and well-behaved, till one night, without word or warning, they would rush a police-post, cut the throats of a constable or two, dash through a village, carry away three or four women, and withdraw, in the red glare of burning thatch, driving the cattle and goats before them to their desolate hills.

The Indian Government would become almost tearful on these occasions. First it would say, "Please be good, and we'll forgive you." The tribe concerned in the latest depredation would collectively put its thumb to its nose and answer rudely. Then the Government would say: "Hadh't you better pay up a little money for those few corpses you left behind you the other night?" Here the tribe would temporise, and lie and bully, and some of the younger men, merely to show contempt of authority, would raid another police-post and fire into some frontier mud fort, and, if lucky, kill a real English officer. Then the Government would say:—"Observe; if you persist in this line of conduct, you will be hurt." If the tribe knew exactly what was going on in India, it would apologise or be rude, according as it learned whether the Government was busy with other things or able to devote its full attention to their performances. Some of the tribes knew to one corpse how far to go. Others became excited, lost their heads, and told the Government to "come on." With sorrow and tears, and one eye on the British taxpayer at home, who insisted on regarding these exercises as brutal wars of annexation, the Government would prepare an expensive little field-brigade and some guns, and send all up into the hills to chase the wicked tribe out of the valleys, where the corn grew, into the hill-tops, where there was nothing to eat. The tribe would turn out in full strength and enjoy the campaign, for they knew that their women would never be touched, that their wounded would be nursed, not mutilated, and that as soon as each man's bag of corn was spent they could surrender and palaver with the English General as though they had been a real enemy. Afterwards, years afterwards,

they would pay the blood-money, driblet by driblet, to the Government, and tell their children how they had slain the redcoats by thousands. The only drawback to this kind of picnic-war was the weakness of the redcoats for solemnly blowing up with powder the Afghan fortified towers and keeps. This the tribes always considered mean.

Chief among the leaders of the smaller tribes—the mean little clans who knew to one penny the expense of moving white troops against them—was a priestly bandit-chief whom we will call the Gulla Kutta Mullah. His enthusiasm for Border murder as an art was almost dignified. He would cut down a mail-runner in pure wantonness, or bombard a mud fort with rifle fire when he knew that our men needed sleep. In his leisure moments he would go on circuit among his neighbours, and try to incite other tribes to devilry. Also, he kept a kind of hotel for fellow-outlaws in his village, which lay in a valley called Bersund. Any respectable murderer of that section of the frontier was sure to lie up at Bersund, for it was reckoned an exceedingly safe place. The sole entry to it ran through a narrow gorge which could be converted into a death-trap in five minutes. It was surrounded by high hills, reckoned inaccessible to all save born mountaineers, and here the Gulla Kutta Mullah lived in great state, the head of a colony of mud and stone huts, and in each mud hut hung some portion of a red uniform and the plunder of dead men. The Government particularly wished for his capture, and once invited him formally to come out and be hanged on account of seventeen murders in which he had taken a direct part. He replied:—

"I am only twenty miles, as the crow flies, from your border. Come and fetch me."

"Some day we will come," said the Government, "and hanged will you be."

The Gulla Kutta Mullah let the matter from his mind. He knew that the patience of the Government was as long as a summer day; but he did not realise that its arm was as long as a winter night.

Months afterwards, when there was peace on the Border, and all India was quiet, the Indian Government turned in its sleep and remembered the Gulla Kutta Mullah at Bersund, with his thirteen outlaws. The movement against him of one single regiment—which the telegrams would have translated as brutal war—would have been

highly impolitic. This was a time for silence and speed, and, above all, absence of bloodshed.

You must know that all along the north-west frontier of India is spread a force of some thirty thousand foot and horse, whose duty it is to quietly and unostentatiously shepherd the tribes in front of them. They move up and down, and down and up, from one desolate little post to another; they are ready to take the field at ten minutes' notice; they are always half in and half out of a difficulty somewhere along the monotonous line; their lives are as hard as their own muscles, and the papers never say anything about them. It was from this force that the Government picked its men.

One night at a station where the mounted night patrol fire as they challenge, and the wheat rolls in great blue-green waves under our cold northern moon, the officers were playing billiards in the mud-walled clubhouse, when orders came to them that they were to go on parade at once for a night drill. They grumbled, and went to turn out their men—a hundred English troops, let us say, two hundred Goorkhas, and about a hundred of the finest native cavalry in the world.

When they were on the parade ground, it was explained to them in whispers that they must set off at once across the hills to Bersund. The English troops were to post themselves round the hills at the side of the valley; the Goorkhas would command the gorge and the death-trap, and the cavalry would fetch a long march round and get to the back of the circle of hills, whence, if there were any difficulty, they could charge down on the Mullah's men. But the orders were very strict that there should be no fighting and no noise. They were to return in the morning with every round of ammunition intact, and the Mullah and the thirteen outlaws bound in their midst. If they were successful, no one would know or care anything about their work; but failure meant probably a small border war, in which the Gulla Kutta Mullah would be posed in the English newspapers as a popular leader against a big, bullying Power, instead of a common Border murderer.

Then there was silence, broken only by the clicking of the compass needles and snapping of watch-cases, as the heads of columns compared bearings and made appointments for the rendezvous. Five



"THE HEADS OF COLUMNS COMPARED BEARINGS."

minutes later the parade-ground was empty; the green coats of the Goorkhas and the overcoats of the English troops had faded into the darkness, and the cavalry were cantering away in the face of a blinding drizzle.

What the Goorkhas and the English did will be seen later on. The heavy work lay with the horse, for it had to go far and pick its way clear of habitations. Many of the troopers were natives of that part of the world, ready and anxious to fight against their kin, and some of the officers had made private and unofficial excursions into those hills before. They crossed the Border, found a dried river-bed, cantered up that, walked through a stony gorge, risked crossing a low hill under cover of the darkness, skirted another hill, leaving their hoof-marks deep in some ploughed ground, felt their way along another watercourse, ran over the neck of a spur praying that no one would hear their horses grunting, and so worked on in the rain and the darkness, till they had left Bersund and its crater of hills a little behind them, and to the left, and it was

time to swing round. The ascent commanding the back of Bersund was steep, and they halted to draw breath in a broad level valley below the height. That is to say, the men reined up, but the horses, blown as they were, refused to halt. There was unchristian language, the worse for being delivered in a whisper, and you heard the saddles squeaking in the darkness as the horses plunged.

The subaltern at the rear of one troop turned in his saddle and said very softly:

"Carter, what the Blessed Heavens are you doing at the rear? Bring your men up, man."

There was no answer, till a trooper replied:

"Carter Sahib is forward—not there. There is nothing behind us."

"There is," said the subaltern. "The squadron's walking on its own tail."

Then the Major in command moved down to the rear, swearing softly and asking for the blood of Lieutenant Halley—the subaltern who had just spoken.

"Look after your rearguard," said the Major. "Some of your infernal thieves have got lost. They're at the head of the squadron, and you're a several kinds of idiot."

"Shall I tell off my men, sir?" said the subaltern sulkily, for he was feeling wet and cold.

"Tell 'em off!" said the Major. "*Whip 'em off, by Gad!* You're squandering them all over the place. There's a troop behind you *now!*"

"So I was thinking," said the subaltern calmly. "I have all my men here, sir. Better speak to Carter."

"Carter Sahib sends salaam and wants to know why the squadron is stopping," said a trooper to Lieutenant Halley.

"Where under heaven is Carter?" said the Major.

"Forward, with his troop," was the answer.

"Are we walking in a ring, then, or are we the centre of a blessed brigade?" said the Major.

By this time there was silence all along the column. The horses were still; but, through the drive of the fine rain, men could hear the feet of many horses moving over stony ground.

"We're being stalked," said Lieutenant Halley.

"They've no horses here. Besides they'd have fired before this," said the Major. "It's—it's villagers' ponies."

"Then our horses would have neighed and spoilt the attack long ago. They must have been near us for half an hour," said the subaltern.

"Queer that we can't smell the horses," said the Major, damping his finger and rubbing it on his nose as he sniffed up-wind.

"Well, it's a bad start," said the subaltern, shaking the wet from his overcoat. "What shall we do, sir?"

"Get on," said the Major; "we shall catch it to-night."

The column moved forward very gingerly for a few paces. Then there was an oath, a shower of blue sparks as shod hoofs crashed on small stones, and a man rolled

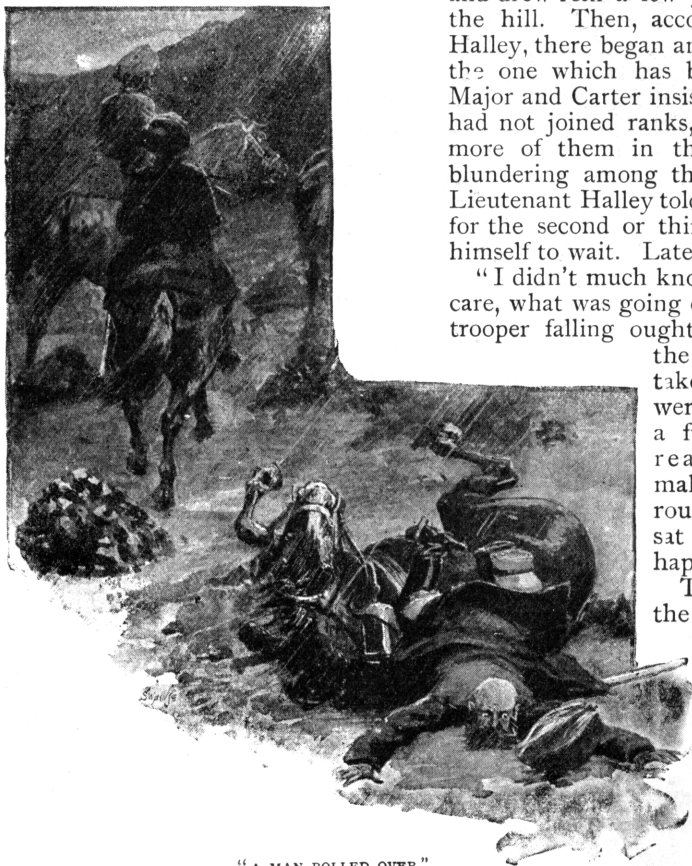
awake, and all the hillside to climb in the face of musketry fire. This comes of trying to do night-hawk work."

The trembling trooper picked himself up and tried to explain that his horse had fallen over one of the little cairns that are built of loose stones on the spot where a man has been murdered. There was no need to go on. The Major's big Australian charger blundered next, and the men came to a halt in what seemed to be a very graveyard of little cairns all about two feet high. The manœuvres of the squadron are not reported. Men said that it felt like mounted quadrilles without the training and without the music; but at last the horses, breaking rank and choosing their own way, walked clear of the cairns, till every man of the squadron re-formed and drew rein a few yards up the slope of the hill. Then, according to Lieutenant Halley, there began another scene very like the one which has been described. The Major and Carter insisted that all the men had not joined ranks, and that there were more of them in the rear clicking and blundering among the dead men's cairns. Lieutenant Halley told off his own troopers for the second or third time, and resigned himself to wait. Later on he said to me:—

"I didn't much know, and I didn't much care, what was going on. The row of that trooper falling ought to have scared half the country, and I would take my oath that we were being stalked by a full regiment in the rear, and *they* were making row enough to rouse all Afghanistan. I sat tight, but nothing happened."

The mysterious part of the night's work was the silence on the hillside. Everybody knew that the Gulla Kutta Mullah had his outpost huts on the reverse side of the hill, and everybody expected, by the time that the Major had sworn himself into a state

of quiet, that the watchmen there would open fire. When nothing occurred, they thought that the gusts of the rain had deadened the sound of the horses, and thanked



"A MAN ROLLED OVER."

over with a jangle of accoutrements that would have waked the dead.

"Now we've gone and done it," said Lieutenant Halley. "All the hillside

Providence. At last the Major satisfied himself (a) that he had left no one behind among the cairns, and (b) that he was not being taken in rear by a large and powerful body of cavalry. The men's tempers were thoroughly spoiled, the horses were lathered and unquiet, and one and all prayed for the daylight.

They set themselves to climb up the hill, each man leading his mount carefully. Before they had covered the lower slopes or the breast-plates had begun to tighten, a thunderstorm came up behind, rolling across the low hills and drowning any noise less than that of cannon. The first flash of the lightning showed the bare ribs of the ascent, the hill-crest standing steely blue against the black sky, the little falling lines of the rain, and, a few yards to their left flank, an Afghan watchtower, two-storied, built of stone, and entered by a ladder from the upper story. The ladder was up, and a man with a rifle was leaning from the window. The darkness and the thunder rolled down in an instant, and, when the lull followed, a voice from the watchtower cried, "Who goes there?"

The cavalry were very quiet, but each man gripped his carbine and stood to his horse. Again the voice called, "Who goes there?" and in a louder key, "O brothers, give the alarm!" Now, every man in the cavalry would have died in his long boots sooner than have asked for quarter; but it is a fact that the answer to the second call was a long wail of "Marf karo! Marf karo!" which means, "Have mercy! Have mercy!" It came from the climbing regiment.

The cavalry stood dumbfounded, till the big troopers had time to whisper one to another: "Mir Khan, was that thy voice? Abdullah, didst *thou* call?" Lieutenant

Halley stood beside his charger and waited. So long as no firing was going on he was content. Another flash of lightning showed the horses with heaving flanks and nodding heads, the men, white eyeballed, glaring beside them, and the stone watchtower to the left. This time there was no head at the window, and the rude iron-clamped shutter that could turn a rifle-bullet was closed.

"Go on, men," said the Major. "Get up to the top at any rate."

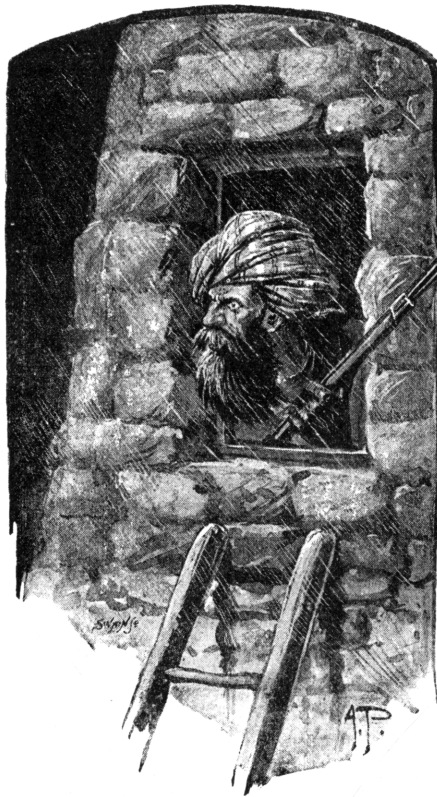
The squadron toiled forward, the horses wagging their tails and the men pulling at the bridles, the stones rolling down the hillside and the sparks flying. Lieutenant Halley declares that he never heard a squadron make so much noise in his life. They scrambled up, he said, as though each horse had eight legs and a spare horse to follow him. Even then there was no sound from the watchtower, and the men stopped exhausted on the ridge that overlooked the pit of darkness in which the village of Bersund lay.

Girths were loosed, curb-chains shifted, and saddles adjusted, and the men dropped down among the stones. Whatever might happen now, they held the upper ground of any attack.

The thunder ceased, and with it the rain, and the soft, thick darkness of a winter night before the dawn covered them all. Except for the sound of running water among the ravines, everything was still. They heard the shutter of the watchtower below them thrown back with a clang, and the voice of the watcher calling: "Oh, Hafiz Ullah!"

The echoes took up the call—"La-la-la!"—and an answer came from a watchtower hidden round the curve of the hill, "What is it, Shahbaz Khan?"

Shahbaz Khan replied, in the high-pitched voice of the mountaineer: "Hast thou seen?"



"WHO GOES THERE?"

The answer came back : " Yes. God deliver us from all evil spirits ! "

There was a pause, and then : " Hafiz Ullah, I am alone ! Come to me ! "

" Shahbaz Khan, I am alone also ; but I dare not leave my post ! "

" That is a lie ; thou art afraid. "

A longer pause followed, and then : " I am afraid. Be silent ! They are below us still. Pray to God and sleep. "

He had hardly turned round to expose a new side of him to the rain before a long-locked, evil-smelling Afghan rushed up the hill, and tumbled into his arms. Halley sat upon him, and thrust as much of a sword-hilt as could be spared down the man's gullet. " If you cry out, I kill you, " he said, cheerfully.

The man was beyond any expression of terror : he lay and quaked, gasping.

When Halley took the sword-hilt from between his teeth, he was still inarticulate, but clung to Halley's arm, feeling it from elbow to wrist.

" The Rissala ! the dead Rissala ! " he gulped at last. " It is down there ! "

" No ; the Rissala, the very much alive Rissala. It is up here, " said Halley, unshipping his watering-bridle, and fastening the man's hands. " Why were you in the towers so foolish as to let us pass ? "

" The valley is full of the dead, " said the Afghan. " It is better to fall into the hands of the English than the hands of the dead. They march to and fro below there. I saw them in the lightning. "

He recovered his composure after a little,

and whispering, because Halley's pistol was at his stomach, said : " What is this ? There is no war between us now, but the Mullah will kill me for not seeing you pass ! "

" Rest easy, " said Halley ; " we are coming to kill the Mullah, if God please. His teeth have grown too long. No harm will come to thee unless the daylight shows thine as a face which is desired by the gallows for crime done. But what of the dead regiment ? "

" I only kill within my own border, " said the man, immensely relieved. " The Dead Regiment is below. The men must have passed through it on their journey—four hundred dead on horses, stumbling



" IF YOU CRY OUT, I KILL YOU. "

The troopers listened and wondered, for they could not understand what save earth and stone could lie below the watchtowers.

Shahbaz Khan began to call again : " They are below us. I can see them. For the pity of God come over to me, Hafiz Ullah ! My father slew ten of them. Come over ! "

Hafiz Ullah answered to the darkness in a very loud voice, " Mine was guiltless. Hear, ye Men of the Night, neither my father nor my blood had any part in that sin. Bear thou thine own punishment, Shahbaz Khan. "

" Oh, someone ought to stop those two chaps crowing away like cocks there, " said Lieutenant Halley, shivering under his rock.

among their own graves, among the little heaps—dead men all, whom we slew."

"Whew!" said Halley. "That accounts for my cursing Carter and the Major cursing me. Four hundred sabres, eh? No wonder we thought there were a few extra men in the troop. Kurruk Shah," he whispered to a grizzled native officer that lay within a few feet of him, "hast thou heard anything of a dead Rissala in these hills?"

"Assuredly," said Kurruk Shah with a chuckle. "When I was a young man I saw the killing in the valley of Sheor-Kôt there at our feet, and I know the tale that grew up therefrom. But how can the ghosts of unbelievers prevail against us who are of the Faith? Strap that dog's hands a little tighter, Sahib. An Afghan is like an eel."

"But a dead Rissala," said Halley, jerking his captive's wrist. "That is foolish talk, Kurruk Shah. The dead are dead. Hold still, *sag*." The Afghan wriggled.

"The dead are dead, and for that reason they walk at night. What need to talk? We be men, we have our eyes and ears. Thou canst both see and hear them, down the hillside," said Kurruk Shah.

Halley stared and listened long and intently. The valley was full of stifled noises, as every valley must be at night; but whether he saw or heard more than was natural Halley alone knows, and he does not choose to speak on the subject.

At last, and just before the dawn, a green rocket shot up from the far side of the valley of Bersund, at the head of the gorge, to show that the Goorkhas were in position. A red light from the infantry at left and right answered it, and the cavalry burnt a white flare. Afghans in winter are late sleepers, and it was not till full day that the Gulla Kutta Mullah's men began to straggle

from their huts, rubbing their eyes. They saw men in green, and red, and brown uniforms, leaning on their arms, neatly arranged all round the crater of the village of Bersund, in a cordon that not a wolf could have broken. They rubbed their eyes the more when a pink-faced young man, who was not even in the Army, but represented the Political Department, tripped down the hillside with two orderlies, rapped at the door of the Gulla Kutta Mullah's hut, and told him quietly to step out and be tied up for safe transport. That same young man passed on through the huts, tapping here one cateran, and there another lightly with his cane; and as each was pointed out, so he was tied up, staring hopelessly at the crowned heights around where the English soldiers looked down with incurious eyes. Only the Mulla tried to carry it off by curses and high words, till a soldier who was tying his hands, said—

"None o' your lip! Why didn't you come out when you was ordered, instead o' keepin' us awake all night? You're no better than my own barrick-sweeper, you white-headed old polyanthus! Kim up!"

Half an hour later the troops had gone away with the Mullah and his thirteen friends; the dazed villagers were looking

ruefully at a pile of broken muskets and snapped swords, and wondering how in the world they had come so to miscalculate the forbearance of the Indian Government.

It was a very neat little affair, neatly carried out, and the men concerned were unofficially thanked for their services.

Yet it seems to me that much credit is also due to another regiment whose name did not appear in the Brigade Orders, and whose very existence is in danger of being forgotten.



May Queens.

By REV. W. DALLOW, M.R.S.A.I.



WE make bold to say that nowhere is May-Day kept with such real zeal, earnestness, and splendour, as at the quaint old Cheshire town of Knutsford. Though, owing

to the extreme changeableness of our climate, the first of May is by no means a taste of the poet's "Gentle Spring," yet, never daunted, the plucky people have kept up this rural fête, despite all kinds of weather, with a resolution to be jolly worthy of Mark Tapley. Indeed, our usual English May-Day is but too often a shivering time, but fitfully cheered by occasional gleams of the sun. Yet the "Queen" and all the happy youngsters, some hundreds in number, who compose her Court, shrink not from the procession to the scene of the coronation, but enter heartily into the spirit of the entire affair.

One year, the writer distinctly remembers how the slate-coloured sky threatened the pageant, and at three o'clock, as the Queen was crowned, a brief but terrific hail-storm burst over the ground.

At Knutsford, the people have a curious custom of "sanding" the flags before their doors with various interesting patterns, a custom said to belong to this place alone. It is done on occasions of weddings and other festivities, and, of course, at no time so carefully as on May-Day. On this—the great annual festival of the town—its streets are festooned and adorned with a profusion of flags; a triumphal arch of greens and

flowers spans the chief street, and as the hour approaches for the "Children's Fête," the merry chimes from the church-tower welcome the thousands of eager visitors. As Knutsford is in the heart of Cheshire, it is easily approached from Manchester, Liverpool, and Stockport, and special trains

and special vehicles of every possible description bring in a vast crowd before two o'clock, which is the hour the procession starts. Before describing the actual festivities which occur on the occasion, it may not be out of place to give our readers a brief account as to their origin in recent years.

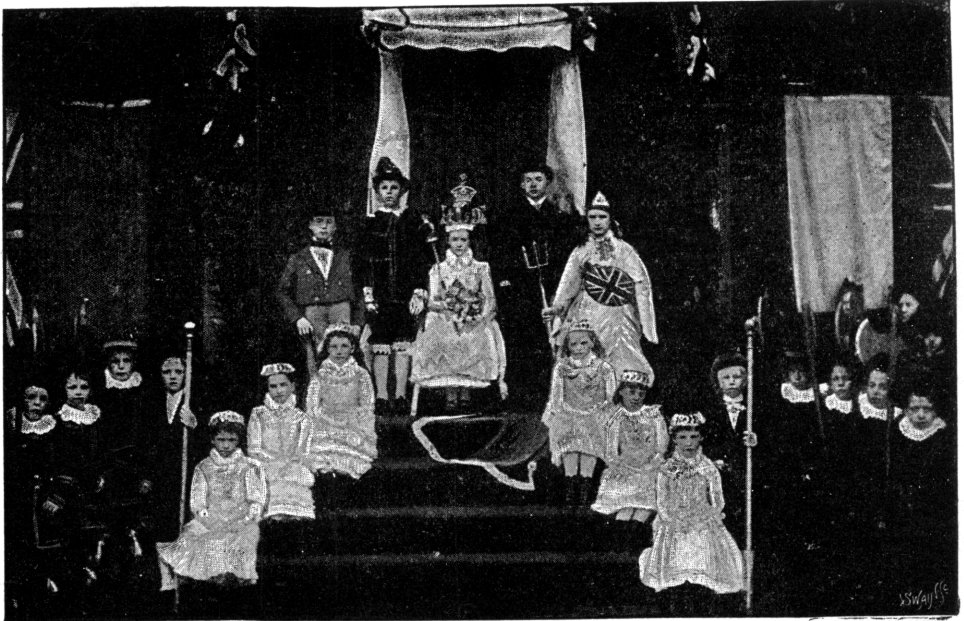
The May of 1864 was the first year which witnessed a revival of this ancient



MARY HICKSON, MAY-QUEEN, 1881.
(From a Photo. by J. Hill, Birkenhead.)



LILIAN BEATRICE SANT, MAY-QUEEN, 1886.
(From a Photo. by G. B. Bradshaw & Co., Altrincham.)



From a Photo. by]

MAY-DAY, 1887.

[Birles, Northwich.

The May-Queen and her Court waiting for the Visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

English rural festival, and the crowning of a May-Queen. On that occasion, "Her Majesty" was carried to the Green, or the "Heath," as it is called, in a chair, and, as but few of her liegemen and vassals gathered around her, the affair had but a poor effect, compared with the splendour of the present festival. Moreover, at the period alluded to, the whole fête was merely got up for the Church of England schools, and matters continued thus until 1877, when a new committee of the most public-spirited Knutsfordians was formed, who took upon themselves all responsibilities, and were determined to proceed in so open-handed a manner as to win support on every side. They resolved, therefore, to know neither sect nor party, and invited all the children of the township, whatever happened to be their belief or religious persuasion. The results far surpassed their most sanguine expectations, and the May-Day festival of Knutsford now proceeds on such a tide of popularity as to render its safety secure for all future time. Though, of course, the expenses of such a



MARY HOWARTH, MAY-QUEEN, 1887.

(From a Photo. by G. B. Bradshaw & Co., Altrincham.)

fête are very great, yet a very handsome dividend remains from year to year, when all bills have been duly paid and the balance-sheet issued to the public.

The "May-Queen" for each year is chosen by ballot, by the ladies and gentlemen of the committee; and she is always selected from the "maids of honour" who have attended on the previous "May-Queens." We give here the portraits of several of the May-Queens of former years. Whilst writing this article, the *new* Queen for May, 1892, has just been chosen, Nellie

side walks at the entrance of the town, and by the efforts of a host of constabulary (imported for the occasion) the roads are all cleared and the processions come forth amidst the sounds of martial music of two fine bands, the ringing of bells, and the admiring plaudits of the multitude. Here is the order of the *cortège*, which goes slowly around the chief streets, and reaches the Green by three o'clock, the hour fixed for the Queen's coronation:—

The Marshal of the Procession, on a white horse.
Battalion Band (3rd Cheshire), R.V.



MAY-DAY, 1889.

The May-pole Dance by the Characters.

Lee, daughter of Mr. Robert Lee, Knutsford, whose portrait will be found at the end of this article.

Whilst rude carts and quaint vehicles pour in at noon on May-Day, their loads of rustic visitors, special trains every half hour are discharging well-dressed thousands from the large towns near at hand, and of these children form the large proportion, since it is *par excellence* their special festival. Shortly after noon, the children begin to gather in the Town Hall, which is close to the railway station. As two o'clock approaches, the vast crowds are kept on the

The "Morris-dance," dancing as they proceed.
"Jack-in-the-Green."

Standard-bearer.

All the Schoolgirls of Town.

Children of the Workhouse.

All the Schoolboys of Town.

The Representatives of various Trades, viz.: butcher, baker, clogger, sweep, saddler, joiner, gardener, constable, lawyer, &c., each with their proper emblem.
Carts adorned with leaves and flowers, containing the Infant School Children.

Knutsford Temperance Brass Band.

The two Royal "Court Fools," in State carriage drawn by two donkeys tandem.

The Royal "Blue-Jackets" of Queen's "Navee."
The Boy-Soldiers of the Royal Foot Guards, in red.
Band of Flower Girls.

Party of Village Gleaners, with sickle and corn-sheaf.
Milkmaids, with stool and bucket.
Jack and Jill.
Dame Dorothy and Red Riding-hood.
Shepherd and Shepherdess, with pastoral crooks.
Bo-Peep and Boy-Blue.



ETHEL PEARSON, MAY-QUEEN, 1889.
(From a Photo. by Thorp, Knutsford.)

Cinderella and Witch.
A Gipsy King and Queen.
Italian Nobles (in fifteenth-century dress).
Italian Girls (modern Neapolitan dress, with tambourine).
Girls in representative characters of:—
Africa—with crown of feathers and assegai;
America—dress of "Stars and Stripes";
Australia; Canada (fur costume with skates on her arm);
India; Wales;
Scotland, and Ireland.
John Bull and Britannia (with her helmet, trident, and shield).
Two boys, as a Huntsman and a Jockey, both on horseback.
On a large lorrie, adorned with flowers and evergreen,
Four Girls suitably dressed as "Four Seasons."
Battalion Band of 4th King's (Liverpool Regt.).
A Band of Foresters, in green velvet and silver, with bows and arrows, headed by Robin Hood.
Two Heralds, in full dress, with trumpets.
The Royal Falconer, with a Hooded Hawk.
The Royal Swordbearer, bearing a drawn "Sword of State."
The Sceptre-bearer.
A boy in MacDuff Highland costume, bearing on cushion the Royal Crown.
The "Yeomen of the Guard," in dress of red velvet and gold, as Beef-eaters.

THE MAY-QUEEN,
in white and ermine, in her open carriage of State, drawn by four white horses, with postillion and two pages in red riding behind.
The six Maids of Honour, in white and purple velvet and ermine, in open carriage and pair.

This most beautiful *cortège* moves slowly around the town, the youthful "Queen-elect" bowing her thanks gracefully, in return for the many salutations and acclamations which greet on every side her progress to her throne on the Green. When all have arrived there, and the Queen has ascended the dais, and taken her seat, all are grouped around to witness the ceremony of the coronation. The crown-bearer slowly advances to the throne, kneeling at intervals three times on one knee. Then, taking the crown from its beautiful velvet cushion, he raises it aloft, and places it on the brow of the young maiden as the three bands burst forth into a musical salute, and the loud cheers of the surrounding crowd rend



HENRIETTA WINFIELD,
MAY-QUEEN, 1890.
(From a Photo. by De Vipan, Knutsford.)



HENRIETTA NEWTON, MAY-QUEEN 1891.
(From a Photo. by De Vipan, Knutsford.)

the air. The sceptre is similarly presented to Her Majesty, and then the programme of the afternoon is gone through. This consists of a Maypole dance, a morris-dance, manœuvres of footguards and sailors, drill by Robin Hood and his foresters, and



THE ROYAL MAY-DAY FESTIVAL, 1891.

last, but not least, a Scotch reel danced by the chief characters. This is a beautiful sight, as the little boys and girls in their brilliant costumes of every shade and hue flit about to the Highland music, and produce, as seen from the "Grand Stand," a wondrous and kaleidoscopic effect.

At five o'clock the "National Anthem" by the massed bands warns the company that the gay scene is coming to an end, and the too short reign of the "May-Queen" is nigh ended.

Between a double row of guards, sailors, maidens in every costume and colour, the May-Queen



NELLIE LEE, MAY QUEEN, 1892.
(From a Photo. by Messrs. May & Co., Northwich.)

walks slowly off the field in solemn state, her six maids of honour upholding her train of red velvet and ermine, to her Royal tent, to take tea with her Court. Here, in a glorious helter-skelter, Queen and jester, soldier and sailor, &c. — these little happy folks, once more again in private life, though gorgeously caparisoned—munch their buns and currant-loaf, and drink deep draughts of tea, as they innocently toast their May-Day Fête! Then, with an orange and a new penny each, they slip home, one by one, after what was to them such a red-letter day!

Dr. Freston's Brother.



WAS Sister in a large male surgical ward of a well-known hospital in the North of England at the time when the following incident occurred.

A few months previously one of those disastrous colliery explosions, only too common in our neighbourhood, had taken place, and eight of the men, poor fellows, all badly injured, had been brought into the Martin ward. We all had a heavy time of it, and our house-surgeon—never very strong—had completely broken down under the strain of his devoted attention to his patients.

He had the satisfaction of seeing all the cases (with one exception) fairly started on the road to convalescence before he too came on the sick list, and was ordered absolute rest for several months. No man ever deserved a rest more than he.

By his constant and unwearied labours of love he had earned the blessing pronounced on Abou Ben Adhem as "one who loved his fellow men." We all greatly missed his cheery presence in the wards, and felt small interest in the doctor who came as his "locum," feeling sure that no one could take his place.

Dr. Freston, the temporary house-surgeon, however, made a favourable impression on his arrival, and soon showed that he thoroughly knew his work. He had a

quiet, reserved manner, and we had worked together some days before I learned anything more about him. Then an accident, if there is such a thing, showed me the real man. One evening, on going his rounds, I reported a new case just come in, to him. It was a man who had been found lying in the road. He had evidently fallen against the curb-stone, and had received a scalp wound. That he was a stranger in the town was proved by some papers in his pocket, showing him to have been discharged from a sailing vessel at Hull a few days previously.

"I have not made out his history yet," I said, "he seems to be very poor, and apparently has no friends."

"No friends," repeated Dr. Freston, with an expression I had not seen on his face before. "Very few of us realise what those words mean, Sister. It means more than mere friendlessness. It means a man's life without any influence for good upon it—no restraint to keep him from sinking to the lowest depths. No anchor to hold him back from suffering shipwreck on the rocks which surround us all. Some seen, and some hidden ones more dangerous than all. No——." He seemed to have forgotten he was speaking to me, and remembering, checked himself.

"We see so many of such lives in our work," I said.

"Yes," he said slowly and absently, as if his thoughts were far away, "it must always be a sad sight, even if those who suffer are utter strangers to us."

He paused, then turned round to face me, and spoke more quickly, as if he wished to force himself to say something.

"To me it is the most painful sight of all, because I am haunted by the feeling that somewhere in this world there may

now be a man who is friendless and alone through my fault. Every fresh face I see I think may be his. Every morning I wake with the thought that I may see it before night."

I looked at him with intense interest. My woman's instinct, which so seldom errs, told me that he had never spoken of this to anyone before, and that it was a great relief to speak of it now.

I longed to hear more. He seemed to read the sympathy expressed in my face, and went on more quietly.

"I had a younger brother. There were only the two of us. I was older by three years, and both in appearance and

before I got to him. All his affairs were in perfect order, but he was anxious about Jack—always his first thought.

"You will look after him, Tom," he said; "promise me you will look after him. If you promise, I know you won't go back; a promise is a promise with you, Tom; I could always trust you."

I did promise again and again, and, God knows, I meant to keep my word, and my old father died quite happy, with my promise still sounding in his ears, and his eyes resting to the last on his darling Jack. He never doubted me for a moment. How could he foresee? I am thankful he died happy. Do you think he knows now, Sister, how I kept my word?

I shook my head, but did not speak.

"I went back to Oxford and Jack entered the same college. That was the mistake. At a distance—if I had only seen him now and then—we might have got on well enough; but at my elbow, always bursting into my room when I wanted to read, filling his room with friends as noisy and light-hearted as himself, spending money recklessly on all sides, and turning everything I said into a joke—all this was a daily annoyance to me. It grew intolerable. I had no sympathy at all with any of his pursuits, and I grew more cold and more reserved, until one day, exasperated more than usual, I told him that if he wanted to go to the dogs he might go by himself. His temper was as quick as mine. His sharp answer drew a sharper one

from me, which roused him to a fury. 'You won't see me again, so you need not trouble your head about it. I can work for myself,' and he was gone. Even then, Sister, if I had gone after him, I might have stopped him; but I was mad with him, and was glad that he was gone. As glad then to hear that he was gone as I should be glad now to hear that once again on this earth I might hope to see his face. I live for that, and one day it may come."

"And you never heard of him again?"

"No sound from that day to this. He went without money, and he could draw none except through me."



"I HAD A YOUNGER BROTHER."

character we were totally unlike. He had been spoilt by my father, who always let him have his own way, chiefly, I fancy, on account of the strong likeness he bore to our mother, who died when we were quite young. I was at Oxford, reading for a degree previous to entering the hospital, when my father died, and I—but do I bore you? I have no right to inflict all this on you; but somehow you always look as if you were used to hearing other people's troubles, I notice everyone comes to you."

"Please, go on;" I could not say more.

"My father had had a nasty fall in the hunting field, and was almost at the last



"YOU WON'T SEE ME AGAIN."

"Perhaps," I suggested, utterly at a loss what to say, "he found some work, or——"

"Work! Jack never did a day's work in his life; he was not made to work."

"Do you think that some of his friends——" I began rather hopelessly.

"No," he replied, with a deep tone of sadness in his voice; "no; not one of his friends ever heard of him—that's four—no, five years ago. Five years—and night and day I think of those words, 'You will look after Jack, Tom.'"

There was a silence I did not know how to break.

"I think, Sister," he added, looking up with eyes which long sorrow had filled with wonderful depth of expression, "I think I should have put an end to my life before now; but I knew father's first question would be, 'Have you looked after him, Tom?'"

The door opened to admit the stretcher with a new case from the surgery, and Dr. Freston was in a moment the professional man, absorbed in investigating the extent of the new arrival's injuries.

Before leaving the ward he turned to the bedside of the patient whose friendless con-

dition had led to our conversation. He took down the head-card to fill up the details.

"Name, Sister?"

"George Thomas."

"Age?"

"I do not know, he looks about forty; but he is very weather-beaten."

The doctor glanced at the tanned, scarred face, nearly hidden by bandages, and stood hesitating, pen in hand.

"Occupation—do you know?"

"Sailor."

"No other particulars, Sister?"

He laid the card on the table, and wiped his pen carefully—a methodical and orderly man in every detail of his work.

"I only found a few coppers and these old papers in his pocket," I said, showing the contents of a pocket-book, much the worse for wear. One crumpled piece of paper had the words, '15, Back Wells-court, Hull,' written upon it; probably the address of his last lodging. I proceeded to unfold another piece, and found an old, plain, gold locket, worn thin and bright; one side was smooth, on the other was a monogram still faintly legible, 'J. F.'"

I felt it suddenly snatched from my hands.

Dr. Freston had seized it, and, carrying it quickly across the ward, turned the gas full on, and gazed on the locket with eyes that seemed to pierce it through.

"Look, Sister!" he said, and his strong hand shook as he held it towards me, "there can be no mistake. I remember this locket so well. Jack gave it to my father with his photograph inside before he went to school, and after father died Jack kept it. It was an old joke of theirs to take each other's things, because they were marked with the same initials. I could swear to this anywhere, and I see quite clearly how it came here. Jack met

this man at Hull, perhaps he came off the same boat, and if he was hard up—but he must have been hard up before he would part with this, and then it's not much use to anyone else. No one would give a shilling for an old thing like this ; but here it is, and here is the address of where the man stayed. It's the first clue I have ever had, Sister," and his face was bright with hope, "Jack may be still there, I must go without losing a minute. I may catch him before he goes on further. Is there anything else you want me for to-night ?"

He was already near the door. "No, not to-night ; the others are all very comfortable. But do you not think it would be worth while to ask this man where he got the locket ? It may not have been in Hull at all, and you would have the journey for nothing. Give me the locket, and I will ask him."

He handed it to me without appearing to follow what I had said.

The idea of his brother being within reach had taken such hold of his mind that he could hardly endure a minute's delay before going off to seek him.

I bent over No. 7's bed.

"I found this among your things," I said. "Is it your own, or did someone sell it to you ?"

He looked up quickly and suspiciously. "What do you want to know for ?" he muttered.

"I only want to know whether the man who

owned this first was with you at this address in Hull."

He looked at me sharply, and did not answer for a minute.

"Yes," he said slowly, "the man who owned that was there when I was," and he turned round as if unwilling to say more.

I had learned all I wished, and repeated the information to Dr. Freston.

"Thank you very much," he said simply.

"Good night, Sister ; I may not see you for a few days." He was already on the landing.

"Good night, Dr. Freston," but I doubt if he heard me. He was half way downstairs.

Next day Dr. Freston's work was done by the junior surgeon, and the ward routine went on as usual.

I could find out nothing more of No. 7's history, except that his real age was 28. He looked at least ten years older. He had knocked about a good deal in the world, he told some of his fellow patients.

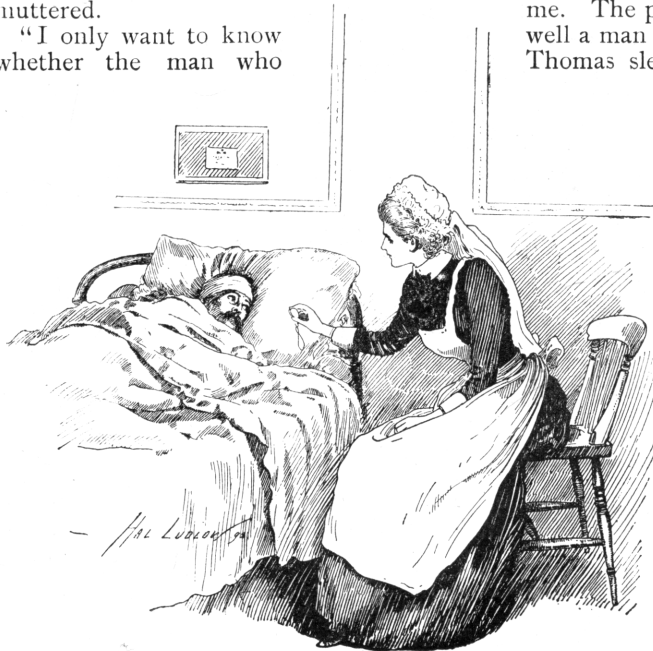
His injuries proved to be very slight, and on the evening of the second day he was allowed to sit up for a short time.

On the day following, when it was growing dusk, the door of the ward opened, and Dr. Freston came quietly in.

I saw at a glance that he had not been successful in his search. There was nothing more to be learnt at that address, he told me. The people there remembered quite well a man who gave the name of George Thomas sleeping there for one night a week ago, but they were sure they had had no other lodger at the time. They knew nothing whatever about the man. He was evidently very poor, but had paid for what he had had.

I could see how keenly he felt his failure, and tried to say how grieved I was at his disappointment.

"I ought not to have built so many hopes upon so slight a foundation," he replied, with a poor attempt at a smile, and a tone of weary sorrow in his voice. "I have waited so long that I ventured to think that perhaps at last he—" then checking himself, and with an effort turning his thoughts elsewhere—"but I am late,



"I FOUND THIS AMONG YOUR THINGS."

Sister. I must catch up my work. Have you anything for me to-night?"

"Will you sign No. 7's paper? The wound was very superficial, and Mr. Jones discharged him this morning. He is anxious to get on."

"I must speak to him first; he may be able to tell me something more," and he turned towards No. 7, sitting by the fire, and for the first time looked him in the face—the first time for five years rather! for I saw Dr. Freston pause as if transfixed, and the next moment he was at his brother's side.

"Jack!" he said, "Jack!" and could not say another word.

But that was all he had to say. Jack had been the thought of his life, night and day, for five years. And, now Jack was here, and he held him fast, what should he say but repeat "Jack!" again and again, until he could realise that this was no dream, but

rather the awakening to a better and happier life than he had known before? Jack said nothing at all. For one moment he had looked round as if wishing to escape; but, if he would, he could not. And where in the world that he had found so hard and merciless could he hope to meet the warm welcome which strove to find utterance in his brother's broken words; but, finding feeble outlet there, shone so unmistakably in his brother's happy eyes, which gazed on the ragged figure before him as if he could never look enough.

That is all the tale. It gave the patients something to talk about for a day or two, and was then forgotten, in the ward at least.

But there are three people from whose memories no act or word recorded here can ever be effaced. Need I name them? They are Dr. Freston; Jack, his brother; and myself, Tom Freston's wife.



"JACK!"

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



From a Photo. by] AGE 8. [Hemans & Plumer.

evening singing-class. At fourteen she became the pupil of Mr. Brinley Richards, and two years later made her first appearance in public at one of his concerts at the Hanover-square Rooms, where she sang "My mother bids me bind my hair" with the sweetness, feeling, and simplicity which have since rendered her, on the whole, the finest English ballad singer of her time. She married in 1888 Mr. Wm. Cadwaladr Davies, Secretary and Registrar of the University College for North Wales.



From a Photo. by] AGE 26. [Alex. Essano.



From a Photo. by] AGE 19. [Bertin, Brighton.

MADAME MARY DAVIES.

MADAME MARY DAVIES was born in London, her father, a Welsh sculptor, being precentor to the Welsh Chapel, Soho, where she received her first music lessons in the



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [W. & D. Downey.



From a] AGE 15. [Silhouette.

WALTER BESANT.

BORN 1838.

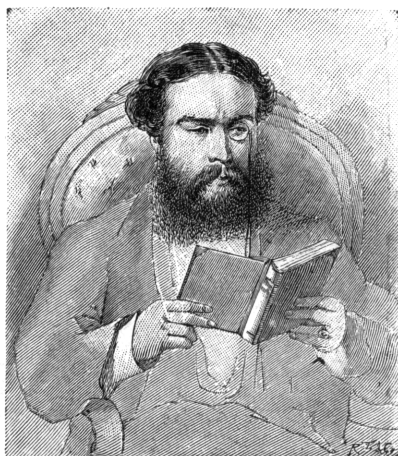


R. WALTER BESANT was born at Portsmouth, and educated at King's College, London, and at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in high mathematical honours. He was intended for the Church, and took several theological prizes, but abandoned this career. He was then appointed Senior Professor in the Royal College of Mauritius, but was compelled by ill health to resign, and returned to England, where he gave himself up to literary work. His novels, produced at first in conjunction with Mr. James Rice

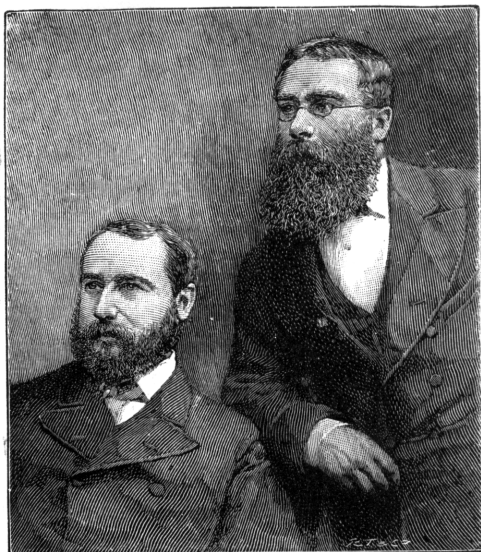


From a Photo. by] AGE 21. [Maull & Polybank.

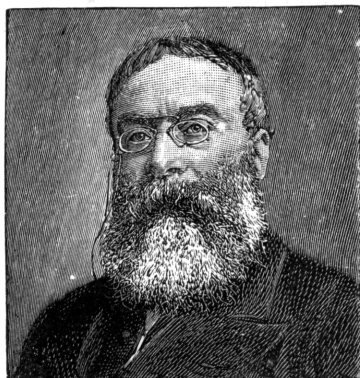
(a very interesting portrait of whom we reproduce with one of Mr. Besant), and afterwards under his own name, are too well known to require mention.



From a Drawing by] AGE 25. [John Parker, R.W.S.



JAMES RICE. WALTER BESANT, AGE 40.
From a Photo. by the London Stereo. Co.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Elliott & Fry.



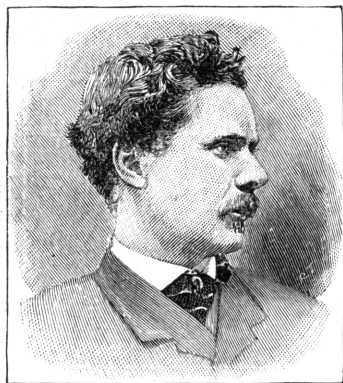
From a Photo. by] AGE 21. [Disderi, Paris.

MARCUS STONE, R.A.

BORN 1840.



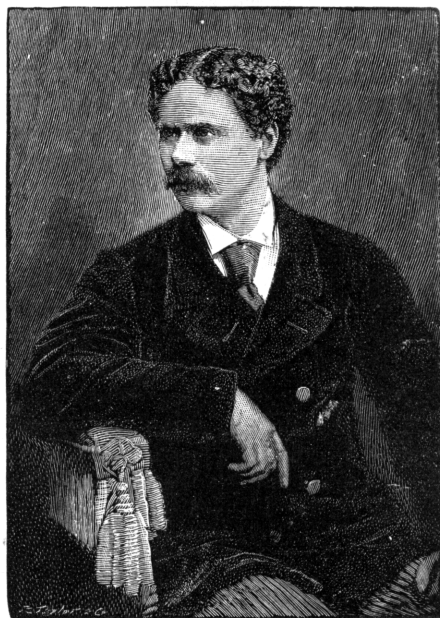
R. MARCUS STONE, the son of the late Frank Stone, A.R.A., was born in London, and was educated by his father, never being a student in any Art school. As a very young man he illustrated Dickens. His first exhibited picture, "Rest,"



From a Photo. by] AGE 26. [Watkins, London.

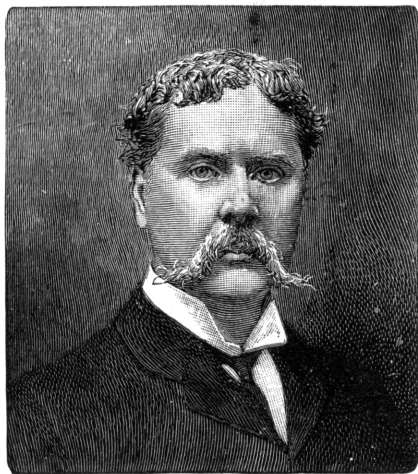
was in the Royal Academy when he was eighteen, followed the next year by the marked success of "Silent Pleading." Until about the year 1877 (at which date

he was elected an A.R.A.—his election as R.A. following ten years later) Mr. Marcus Stone's work consisted chiefly of historical subjects, but since that time he has mainly occupied himself with the charming pictures founded on the love-stories of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers which



From a Photo. by] AGE 31. [Vianelli, Venice.

are known so well. "Two's Company, Three's None," in the present Royal Academy, is a fine example of Mr. Stone's work.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Brown, Barnes & Bell.



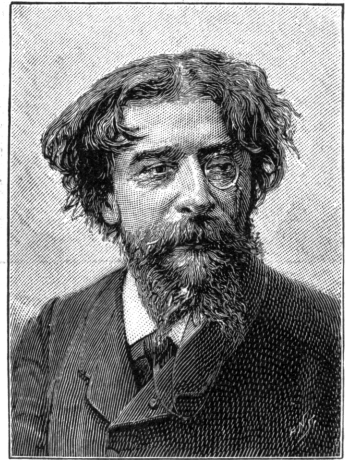
From an] AGE 22. [Etching.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

BORN 1840.



ALPHONSE DAUDET, the finest of living French novelists, was born at Nîmes. His parents were poor, and, after studying in the Lyceum at Lyons, he became an usher in a school at Alais—a life of misery and suffering which two years afterwards he depicted in the pages of the *Figaro* with such vivid power that, from



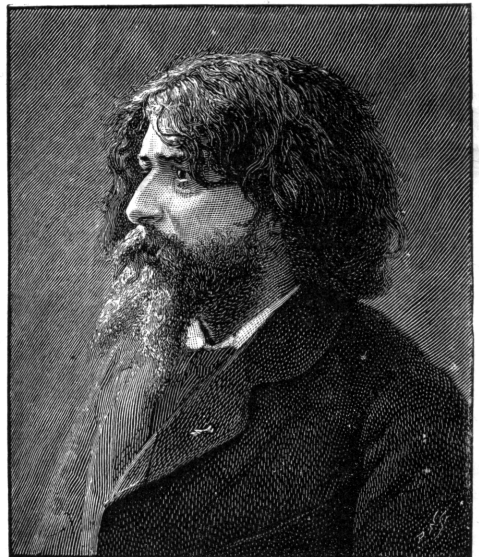
From a Photo. by] AGE 45. [Pirou, Paris.

success. His short stories (two of which appeared in our first number under the title of "Scenes of the Siege of Paris") are among the most finished and popular specimens of his work. In addition to his work as an author, M. Daudet is the theatrical critic of the *Journal Officiel*.



From a Photo. by] AGE 36. [Mulinier, Paris.

that time, his literary career was an assured success. Then, having taken up his residence in Paris, he began to write novels, plays, and articles for various publications, particularly the *Monde Illustré* and the *Figaro*, in which appeared his "Lettres de mon Moulin," a book which has been



From a Photo by] AGE 52. [Nadars, Paris.



From a] AGE 17. [Photograph.

LIONEL BROUGH.

MR. LIONEL BROUGH was born at Pontypool, and was educated at the Manchester Grammar School. His first employment was in the humble capacity of office-boy to Mr. J. Timbs, in the office of *The Illustrated London News*, in Douglas Jerrold's time. But Mr. Brough was one



From a] AGE 21. [Photograph.

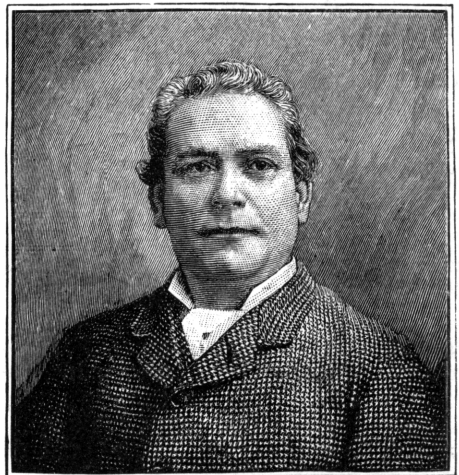
of those rare characters whom weight of adverse circumstances cannot keep from rising to the surface as surely as a cork in water. Subsequently he published the first number of *The Daily Telegraph*, and for some years was connected with *The Morning Star*. Going to Liverpool with other members of the Savage Club to give amateur

theatrical performances in aid of the Lancashire Relief Fund, he achieved so decided a success that he was offered a regular engagement by Mr. A. Henderson, and made his first professional appearance in Liverpool in 1864, and in London in 1867. Since that time he has held



From a] AGE 33. [Photograph.

his place as one of the best and most popular actors of low-comedy characters at present on the stage.



From a Photo.] PRESENT DAY. [by Alfred Ellis.



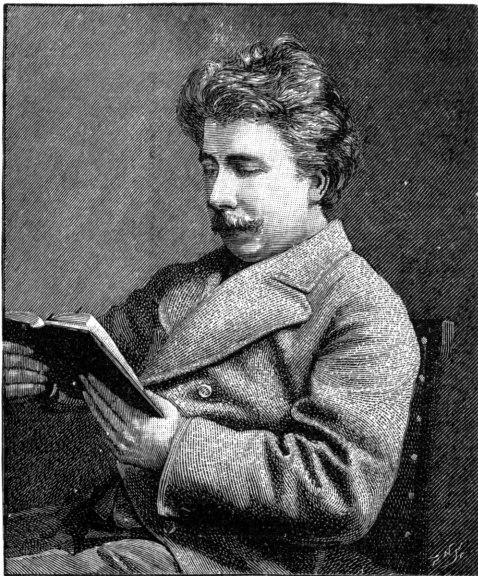
From a Photo. by] AGE 19. [J. Laing, Shrewsbury.

HENRY W. LUCY ("TOBY, M.P.).

BORN 1845.



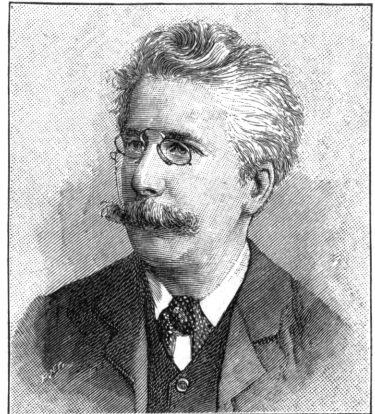
R. HENRY W. LUCY was born at Crosby, near Liverpool, and was at first apprenticed to a merchant, but at the age at which he is represented in our first portrait he obtained an engagement as reporter to *The Shrewsbury Chronicle*. In the little story of real life which begins on the next



From a] AGE 30. [Plate.

page the reader will discover allusions to this and other incidents of his career. Subsequently he joined the staff of *The Pall*

Mall Gazette and *The Daily News*, being chief of the Gallery staff on the latter paper. This post he held at the age of our second portrait, when he was also writing "Under the Clock" in *The World*. At thirty-seven he published his first novel—"Gideon Fleyce"—and a year later he made a journey round the world, an account of which appeared in the volume

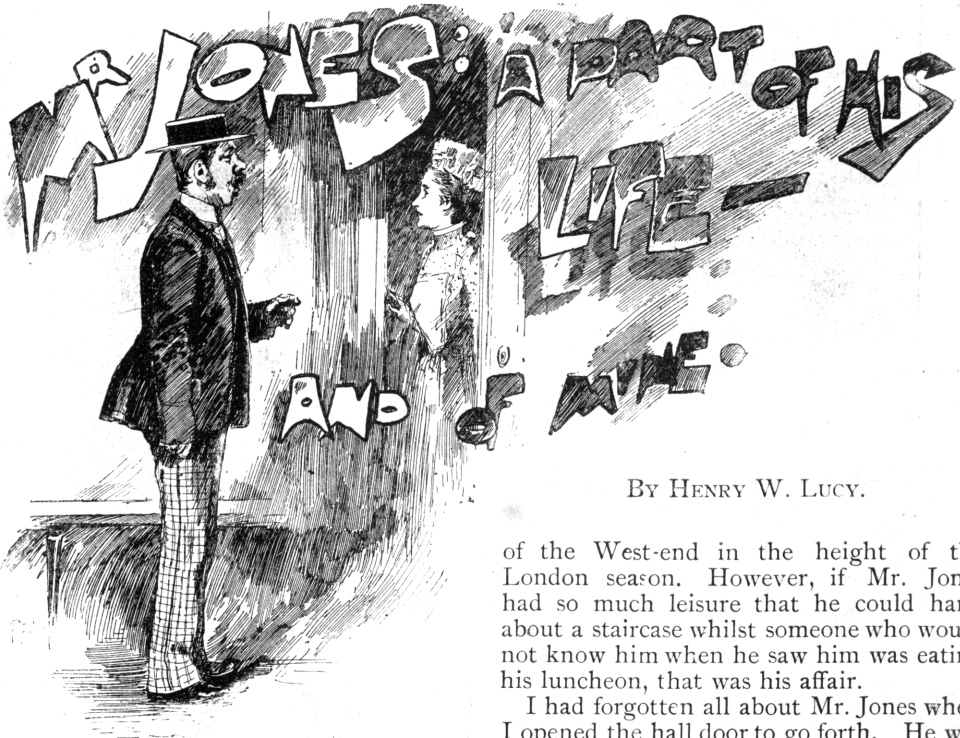


From a Photo., AGE 41. [by Watery.

entitled "East by West." At the age of our third portrait he was editor of *The Daily News*, a post which he soon resigned. On the death of Tom Taylor in 1880, Mr. Lucy took up the writing of the "Essence of Parliament" for *Punch*, which, under the title of "The Diary of Toby, M.P.," is still one of the brightest and most sparkling things appearing in the weekly press.



From a Photo. by] AGE 46. [Alex. Bassano.



BY HENRY W. LUCY.

“MR. JONES!”

It was the housemaid announcing a visitor at a somewhat unusual hour. We were just sitting down to luncheon, I having done a pretty fair morning's work with the prospect of a long night in the House of Commons. The name of the caller was not unfamiliar, but I did not care to see him just then.

“Say I'm engaged, and ask him if he'll be good enough to write.”

The maid was back again in a few minutes. Mr. Jones was not in any hurry. He would wait. As for his business, that was indefinite, only he was sure I would not know him. Piqued by the mystery that surrounded the caller, I asked what he was like. “Was he a gentleman?”

“Well, sir,” answered the maid, cautiously, “he wears a straw hat.”

That seemed in some degree conclusive, straw hats not being usual amongst *habitués*

of the West-end in the height of the London season. However, if Mr. Jones had so much leisure that he could hang about a staircase whilst someone who would not know him when he saw him was eating his luncheon, that was his affair.

I had forgotten all about Mr. Jones when I opened the hall door to go forth. He was recalled to my mind by the discovery of a straw hat on a level with the landing. At first it seemed to be floating there, but at another glance I discovered a figure under it. It was evidently Mr. Jones, who was standing half a dozen steps down the staircase, reflectively gazing at the far-away basement. At the sound of the closing door he turned and looked up at me with curious inquiring gaze, which presently broadened into a smile. He said nothing, nor did I. After all, it mightn't be Mr. Jones, though there was the straw hat. If it were, I had never been introduced to him, and it is an Englishman's inalienable privilege in such circumstances, not only to keep silence, but to look with a certain amount of suspicion at the stranger.

Mr. Jones had no such scruples. “Good morning,” he said, slowly mounting the steps, and fixing me with a glittering, beady eye.

“Good morning,” I replied, not to be led into ambush by the friendliness of his smile.

"You're Mr. Charlecotte?" he said interrogatively, but with a certain tone of assertion.

It was no use denying the soft impeachment. I stood on my own doorstep, and, though there was no nameplate on the door, there was one in the hall. Moreover, he had obtained a kind of admission of the fact from the housemaid, which convinced him that he was at least on the right track. So I boldly answered "Yes," and, with an indifference I did not entirely feel, rang the bell for the lift.

It was some time in coming, as it usually is. Mr. Jones's conversation seemed exhausted. He advanced upwards another step, still looking me all over with a curious gaze that conveyed a sort of proprietorship in me. As he emerged from the lower steps, I had opportunity of noting a curiously square-cut, nondescript coat, a pair of check trousers, evidently new, a blue necktie, and no gloves. Mr. Jones was evidently "dressed all in his best," prepared, if opportunity offered, "to walk abroad with Sally."

I caught myself peering down the staircase. Peradventure Sally was with him. But there was no one there, and presently the lift arrived.

With it came a gleam of wild hope of deliverance. I live on the topmost range of our flats. Five flights of stairs interpose between me and mother earth. Supposing I went down in the lift and Mr. Jones walked, I should be at the hall door fully two minutes before he arrived, and could be out of sight before he reached the street. Still it would be horribly rude, the lift being there, not to offer him a share of its convenience.

"Won't you come down in the lift?" I said, though I'm afraid not succeeding in throwing much heartiness into the invitation.

"No," said Mr. Jones, still gazing at me with that mysterious look indicative of my being somebody belonging to him, "I'll just walk."

As the lift flashed downwards I caught what I believed to be a final sight of Mr. Jones, his head leaning over the banisters to get a last look at me, a gleam of amused interest in his eyes, and a friendly smile extending in a straight line across the lower part of his face.

Things happened as I had foreseen. When I reached the hall Mr. Jones was not anywhere in sight. Listening a moment, I heard footsteps pattering rapidly down the stone staircase. I made off as quickly as possible, short of a run. I was going across the Park to look in at the club for five minutes on my way to the House. There were all kinds of turnings, and Mr. Jones,

presently emerging in the street, would be sure to take the wrong one. I hastened along Palace-road, making for Buckingham Gate and the Mall. I did not look back, but felt certain Mr. Jones was thrown off the scent. My spirits rose with a sense of deliverance from this mysterious man with his straw hat, his wholly unwarranted proprietorial air, and his resemblance to Mr. Alexander Bell, of Dundee.

"His name is Alexander Bell,
His home Dundee;
I do not know him quite so well
As he knows me."

I was beginning to be able to think of something else, when I heard footsteps behind. That is not an unusual phenomenon in a London street; but somehow, though I had never heard him walking before, I felt that this was Mr. Jones. I forbore to look back, and slightly increased my pace. The sound came nearer and nearer. Someone was walking at my right-hand side. I looked straight before me, but was conscious of the gleam of a straw hat in the sunshine, and felt in the small of my back the irritating influence of Mr. Jones's smile.

So we walked to the end of Palace-street, where I was to turn off to the right. In taking that direction, with Mr. Jones close at my right elbow, I must needs knock



"MR. JONES."

up against him if I maintained the pretence of unconsciousness of his proximity. There was no help for it but to discover him.



"CLOSE AT MY RIGHT ELBOW."

"Ah!" I said, looking round.

That did not amount to much, but it was really all I had to say. Mr. Jones made no articulate response, and a few more steps brought us to Buckingham Palace-road.

"I'm going this way," I said, motioning towards Buckingham Gate. So was Mr. Jones, it seemed, for he turned off to the right.

"I suppose you don't know me?" he observed, after another pause, which I felt less awkward since I had really inaugurated conversation.

"No, indeed," I said, for the first time throwing real heartiness into my voice.

"Well, it's a goodish bit since you saw me before," said Mr. Jones, his smile developing into a chuckle. "I was at Watton's, *The Chronicle*, at Shrewsbury, when you were there. You remember Watton's?"

Well, indeed. As Mr. Jones spoke there flashed across my vision a sight I had not beheld for twenty-

five years—a quaint, quiet street in an old town; a youth walking up it, a friendless youth, setting forth to seek his fortune,

"Hoping still to meet
The luck Arabian voyagers met,
And find in Bagdad's moonlit street
Haroun al Raschid walking yet."

In the meantime he was strolling up High-street, Shrewsbury, bent upon having a furtive look at the outside of a certain establishment before he announced himself as the Chief Reporter of "the leading county paper." He was very young—looked younger than he was—and had an impression (promptly confirmed upon his being ushered into the presence of the proprietor) that he was not exactly the kind of person to represent the dignity and importance of a leading county paper at cattle shows, bazaars, and meetings of local members. The proprietor, deluded by an enthusiastic letter of recommendation written by the editor of a Liverpool paper, had engaged him by telegraph, fearful of losing the treasure.

If ever the eyes of youth read anything rightly in the stare of mature middle age, a month's notice was delivered by the glance of mingled amazement and indignation which the proprietor of the leading county paper cast upon his new recruit. But the notice did not come in a month,



"A GLANCE OF MINGLED AMAZEMENT AND INDIGNATION."

or at any time, and possibly the impression was all a mistake.

"I was one of the printers at Watton's. I remember your coming to Shrewsbury. You've got on pretty well since," Mr. Jones added, looking me up and down with the same air of at least part proprietorship that had puzzled me from the first.

If he had taken my hat off in the Mall, under whose green trees we were walking, and had ruffled my hair, as Mr. Pumblechook used to ruffle Pip's when he reminded him how he had been "brought up by hand," I should not have been greatly surprised.

"I hope you've done well too," I said, trying to lead the conversation in another direction.

"Oh, yes, I've done pretty well!" said Mr. Jones, gazing, not with vain pride, but not entirely without satisfaction, on his new check trousers. "I'm having a holi-

day, and came to London for a day or two. I saw your likeness in *Punch* through a shop-window this morning. Then I thought to myself, 'I'll go and see him—see if he's any different.'"

"And am I?" I asked.

Mr. Jones looked me up and down once more with steady gaze. He was not going to answer a question like that without preparation.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "you're older."

That was undeniable. It left me nothing to say, and Mr. Jones again lapsed into one of his intervals of silence. We walked on till we came to Marlborough House, where I turned to the right.

"Well," said Mr. Jones abruptly, "I'm glad to have seen you."

And he went up St. James's-street.

So the tide of life, swelling in London as it had slept in Shrewsbury, once more parted Mr. Jones and me.



BEAUTY
IN
NATURE. BY

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M.P.

IV.—MOUNTAINS.



THE Alps are to many an inexhaustible source of joy and peace, of health, and even of life. We have gone to them jaded and worn, feeling, perhaps, without any external cause, anxious and out of spirits, and have returned full of health and strength and energy. Among the mountains, Nature herself seems freer and happier, brighter and purer than elsewhere. The rush of the rivers and the repose of the lakes, the pure snowfields and majestic glaciers, the fresh air, the mysterious summits of the mountains, the blue haze of the distance, the morning tints and the evening glow, the beauty of the sky and the grandeur of the storm, have all refreshed and delighted us time after time, and their memories can never fade away.

Even now, as I write, comes back to me a bright vision of some Swiss valley; blue sky above, glittering snow, bare grey rock, dark pines here and there, mixed with bright green larches, then patches of smooth Alp, interspersed with clumps of trees and dotted with brown chalets; then below them rock again, and wood, but this time

with more deciduous trees, and then the valley itself, with emerald meadows, interspersed with alder copses threaded together by a silver stream; and I almost fancy I can hear the delicious murmur of the rushing water. The endless variety and yet the sense of repose and power, the dignity of age, the energy of youth, the play of colour, the beauty of form, the mystery of their origin—all combine to invest mountains with a solemn beauty.

Another great charm of mountain districts is the richness of colour. "Consider,* first, the difference produced in the whole tone of landscape colour by the introduction of purple, violet, and deep ultramarine blue, which we owe to mountains. In an ordinary lowland landscape we have the blue of the sky; the green of the grass, which I will suppose (and this is an unnecessary concession to the lowlands) entirely fresh and bright; the green of trees; and certain elements of purple, far more rich and beautiful than we generally should think, in their bark and shadows (bare hedges and thickets, or tops of trees, in

* Ruskin.

subdued afternoon sunsine, are nearly perfect purple and of an exquisite tone), as well as in ploughed fields and dark ground in general. But among mountains, in addition to all this, large unbroken spaces of pure violet and purple are introduced in their distances; and even near, by films of cloud passing over the darkness of ravines or forests, blues are produced of the most subtle tenderness, these azures and purples passing into rose colour of otherwise wholly unattainable delicacy among the upper summits, the blue of the sky being at the same time purer and deeper than in the plains. Nay, in some sense, a person who has never seen the rose colour of the rays of dawn crossing a blue mountain twelve or fifteen miles away, can hardly be said to know what tenderness in colour means at all. Bright tenderness he may, indeed, see in the sky or in a flower, but this grave tenderness of the far-away hill-purples, he cannot conceive."

Tyndall, speaking of the scene from the summit of the little Scheideck,* says:—"The upper air exhibited a commotion which we did not experience; clouds were wildly driven against the flanks of the Eiger, the Jungfrau thundered behind, while in front of us a magnificent rainbow, fixing one of its arms in the valley of Grindelwald, and throwing the other right over the crown of the Wetterhorn, clasped the mountain in its embrace. Through jagged apertures in the clouds floods of golden light were poured down the sides of the mountain. On the slopes were innumerable châteaux, glistening in the sun-

beams, herds browsing peacefully and shaking their mellow bells; while the blackness of the pine trees, crowded into woods, or scattered in pleasant clusters over Alp and valley, contrasted forcibly with the lively green of the fields."

These were the summer scenes, but the autumn and winter again have a grandeur and beauty of their own.

"Autumn is dark on the mountains; grey mist rests on the hills. The whirl-

wind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. The leaves twirl round with the wind, and strew the grave of the dead."*

Even bad weather often only adds to the beauty and grandeur of mountains. When the lower parts are hidden, and the peaks stand out above the clouds, they look much loftier than if the whole mountain side is visible. The gloom lends a weirdness and mystery, while flying clouds give it additional variety.

Rain, moreover, adds vividness to the colouring. The leaves and grass become a brighter green. "Every sun-burnt rock glows into an agate," and when fine weather returns the new snow gives intense brilliance to the scene, and invests the

woods especially with the beauty of fairy-land. How often in Alpine districts have I longed "for the wings of a dove" more thoroughly to enjoy and more completely to explore the mysteries and recesses of the mountains. The mind, however, can go, even if the body must remain behind.

Each hour of the day has a beauty of its own. The mornings and evenings, again,



"GREY MIST RESTS ON THE HILLS."

* "The Glaciers of the Alps."

* Ossian.

L L

glow with different and even richer tints. The cloud effects in mountain districts are brighter and more varied than in flatter regions. The morning and evening tints are seen to the greatest advantage, and clouds floating high in the heavens sometimes glitter with the most exquisite iridescent hues,

"That blush and glow
Like angels' wings." *

On low ground one may indeed be in the clouds, but not above them. But as we look down from mountains and see them floating far below us we almost seem as if we were looking down on earth from one of the heavenly bodies.

Not even in the Alps is there anything more beautiful than the "after glow" which lights up the snow and ice with a rosy tint for some minutes after the sun has set. Long after the lower slopes are already in the shade, the summit of Mont Blanc, for instance, is transfigured by the light of the setting sun glowing on the snow. It seems almost like the light from another world, and vanishes as suddenly and mysteriously as it comes.

As we look up from the valleys the mountain peaks seem like separate pinnacles

Piz Languard, we see that in many cases they must have once formed a dome, or even a tableland, out of which the valleys have been carved. Geologists tell us that the Alps were once, at least, twice as high as they are now, and the highest peaks are those which have suffered least from the wear and tear of time.

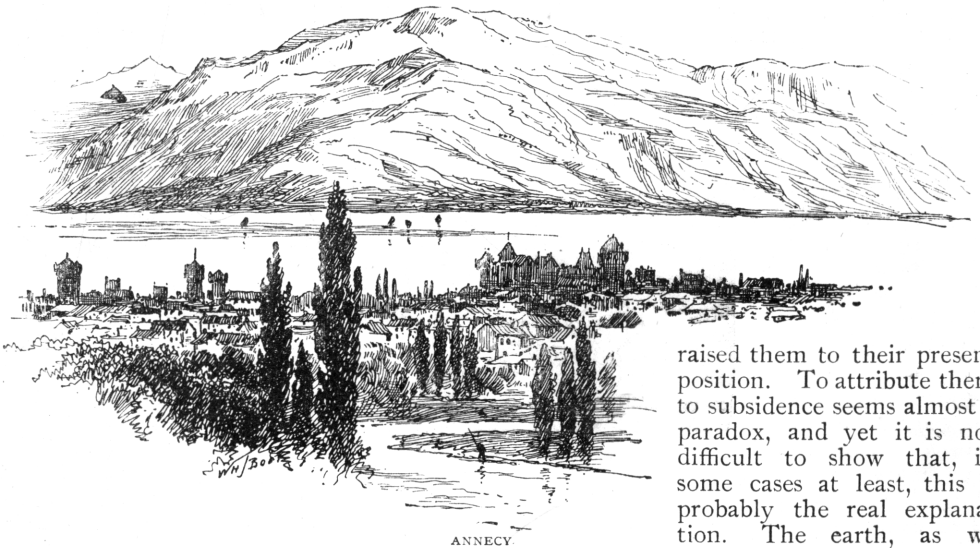
Geography, moreover, acquires a new interest when we once realise that mountains are no mere accidents, but that for every mountain chain, for every peak and valley, there is a cause and an explanation.

We used to speak of the everlasting hills, and are only beginning to realise the vast and many changes which our earth has undergone

"There rolls the deep where grew the tree ;
O Earth, what changes hast thou seen !
There, where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands :
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go." *

The elevation of mountain chains was at first, naturally enough, attributed to direct upward pressure from below. It was supposed that forces acting from underneath



projecting far above the general level. This, however is a very erroneous impression, and when we examine the view from the top of any of the higher mountains, or even from one of very moderate elevation, if well placed, such as, say, the well-known

raised them to their present position. To attribute them to subsidence seems almost a paradox, and yet it is not difficult to show that, in some cases at least, this is probably the real explanation. The earth, as we know, has been gradually cooling, and as it contracted in doing so the strata would necessarily be thrown into folds. When an apple dries and shrivels in winter the surface, as we all know, becomes covered with ridges. Or, again, if we were to place some sheets of paper

* Bullar's "Azores."

* Tennyson.

between two weights on a table, and then bring the weights nearer together, the paper would be crumpled up.*

The suggestion of compression is consistent with the main features of Swiss geography. The principal axis follows a curved line from the Maritime Alps towards the north-east by Mount Blanc, Mount Rosa, and St. Gothard, to the mountains overlooking the Engadine. The geographical strata follow the same direction. North of a line running through Chambery, Yver, Neufchatel, Solothurn, and Olten to Waldshut on the Rhine are Jurassic strata; between that line and a second nearly parallel, and running through Annecy, Vevey, Lucerne, Wesen, Appenzell, and Bregenz on the Lake of Constance, is the lowland occupied by newer Tertiary strata; between this second line and another passing through Albertville, Saint Maurice, Leuk, Meiringen, and Altdorf lie a more or less broken band of older Tertiary strata; south of which again is a cretaceous zone, and then again another of Jurassic age.

The tops of the Swiss mountains stand—probably have ever stood—above the range of ice, and hence their bold peaks. In Scotland, on the contrary, and still more in Norway, the sheet of ice which once, as is

the case with Greenland now, spread over the whole country, has shorn off the summits, and reduced them almost to gigantic bosses; while in Wales the same causes, and still more the resistless action of time—for the Welsh hills are many times older than the mountains of Switzerland—has

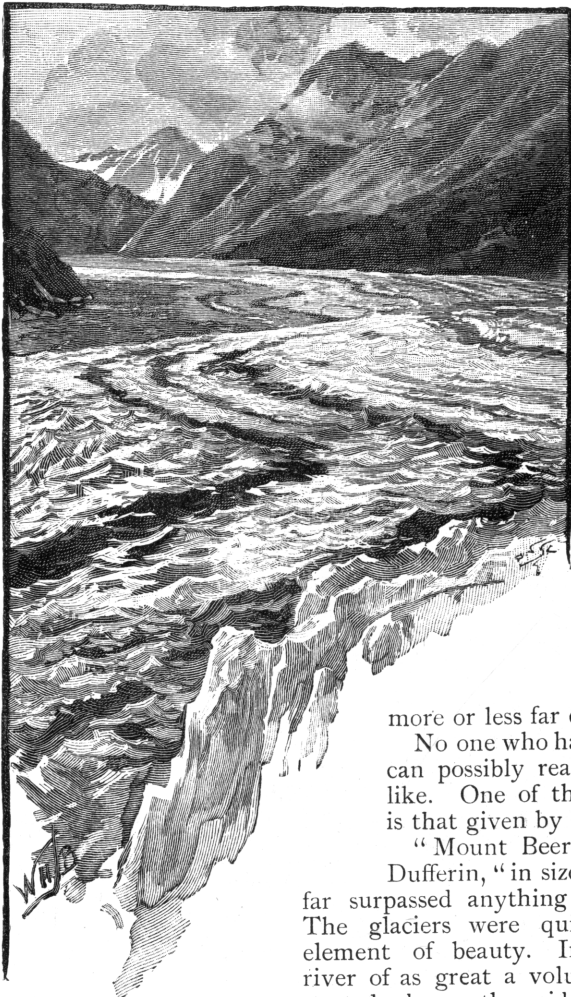
ground down the once lofty summits, and reduced them to mere stumps, such as, if the present forces are left to work out their results, the Swiss mountains will be thousands, or rather tens of thousands, of years hence.

The "snow-line" in Switzerland is generally given as being between 8,500 and 9,000 feet. Above this level, the snow or "neve" gradually accumulates until it forms "glaciers"—solid rivers of ice, which descend

more or less far down the valleys.

No one who has not seen a glacier can possibly realise what they are like. One of the best descriptions is that given by Lord Dufferin.

"Mount Beerenberg," says Lord Dufferin, "in size, colour, and effect, far surpassed anything I had anticipated. The glaciers were quite an unexpected element of beauty. Imagine a mighty river of as great a volume as the Thames started down the side of a mountain, bursting over every impediment, whirled into a thousand eddies, tumbling and raging on from ledge to ledge in quivering cataracts of foam—then suddenly struck rigid by a power so instantaneous in its action that even the froth and fleeting wreaths of spray have stiffened to the immutability of sculpture. Unless you had seen it, it would be almost impossible to conceive the strangeness of the contrast between the actual tranquillity of these silent crystal rivers and the violent descend-



"A GLACIER."

* Adapted from Bull's paper on "The Formation of Alpine Valleys and Lakes," Lond. and Ed. Phil. Soc. Trans., 1863, p. 96.

ing energy impressed upon their exterior. You must remember, too, all this is upon a scale of such prodigious magnitude, that when we succeeded subsequently in approaching the spot—where, with a leap like that of Niagara, one of these glaciers plunges down into the sea—the eye, no longer able to take in its fluvial character, was content to rest in simple astonishment at what then appeared a lucent precipice of grey-green ice, rising to the height of several hundred feet above the masts of the vessel." *

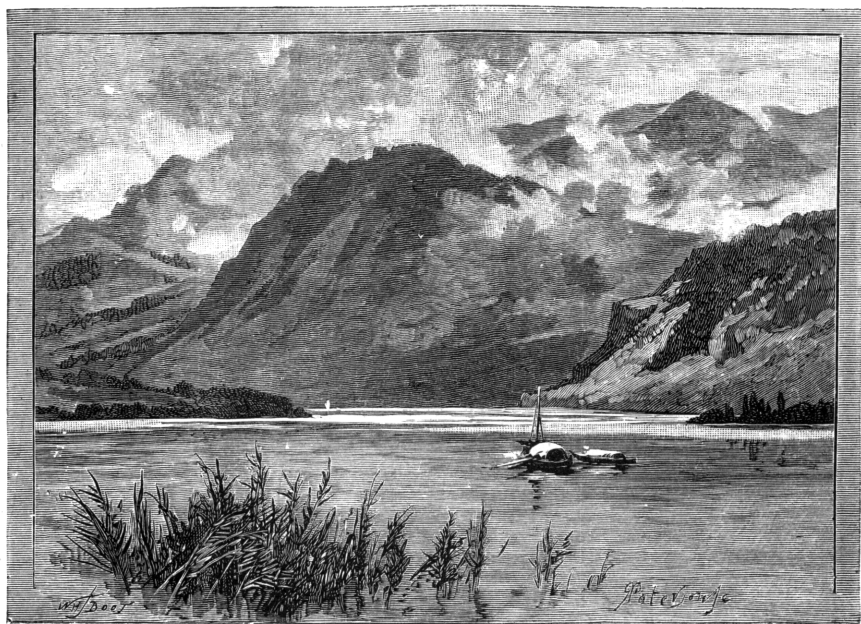
The most magnificent glacier tracks in the Alps are, in Ruskin's opinion, those on the rocks of the great angle opposite

upper end, and a steep side below, clearly showing the direction of the great ice flow.

Many of the upper Swiss valleys contain lakes, as, for instance, that of the Upper Rhone the Lake of Geneva, of the Reuss the Lake of Lucerne, of the Rhine that of Constance. These lakes are generally very deep.

Among the Swiss mountains themselves, each has its special character. Tyndall thus describes a view in the Alps, certainly one of the most beautiful—that, namely from the summit of the *Ægischnhorn* :—

"Skies and summits are to-day without a cloud, and no mist or turbidity interferes with the sharpness of the outlines. Jung-



LAKE LUCERNE.

Martigny; the most interesting are those above the channel of the Trient between Valorsine and the valley of the Rhone.

In Great Britain, I know no better illustration of ice action than is to be seen on the road leading down from Glen Quoich to Loch Hourne, one of the most striking examples of desolate and savage scenery in Scotland, so that its name in Celtic is said to mean the Lake of Hell. All along the roadside are smoothed and polished hummocks of rock, most of them deeply furrowed with approximately parallel striæ, presenting a gentle slope on the

frau, Monk, Eiger, Truberg, clifly Strahlgrat, stately lady-like Aletschhorn, all grandly pierce the empyrean. Like a Saul of mountains, the Finisteraarhorn overtops all his neighbours; then we have the Oberaarhorn, with the river glacier of Viesch rolling from his shoulders. Below is the Marjelin See, with its crystal precipices and its floating icebergs, snowy white, sailing on a blue-green sea. Beyond, is the range which divides the Valais from Italy. Sweeping round, the vision meets an aggregate of peaks which look, as fledglings to their mother, towards the mighty Dom. Then come the repellent crags of Mont Cervin; the ideal of moral savagery, of

* "Letters from High Latitudes."

wild, untamable ferocity, mingling involuntarily with our contemplation of the gloomy pile. Next comes an object scarcely less grand, conveying, it may be, even a deeper impression of majesty and might than the Matterhorn itself—the Weisshorn, perhaps the most splendid object in the Alps. But beauty is associated with its force, and we think of it, not as cruel, but as grand and strong. Further to the right the great Combin lifts up his bare head; other peaks crowd around him; while at the extremity of the curve round which our gaze has swept rises the sovran crown of Mont Blanc. And now, as day sinks, scrolls of pearly clouds draw themselves around the mountain crests, being wafted from them into the distant air. They are without colour of any kind; still, by grace of form, and as the embodiment of lustrous light and most tender shade, their beauty is not to be described.” *

VOLCANOES.

Volcanoes belong to a totally different series of mountains.

It is practically impossible to number the volcanoes on our earth. Humboldt enumerates 223, which Keith Johnston raised to nearly 300. Some, no doubt, are always active, but in the majority the eruptions are occasional, and, though some are undoubtedly now extinct, it is impossible to distinguish those which are only in repose from those whose day of activity is over. Then, again, the question would arise, which should be regarded as mere subsidiary cones, and which are separate volcanoes. The slopes of Etna

present more than 700 small cones, and on Hawaii there are several thousands.

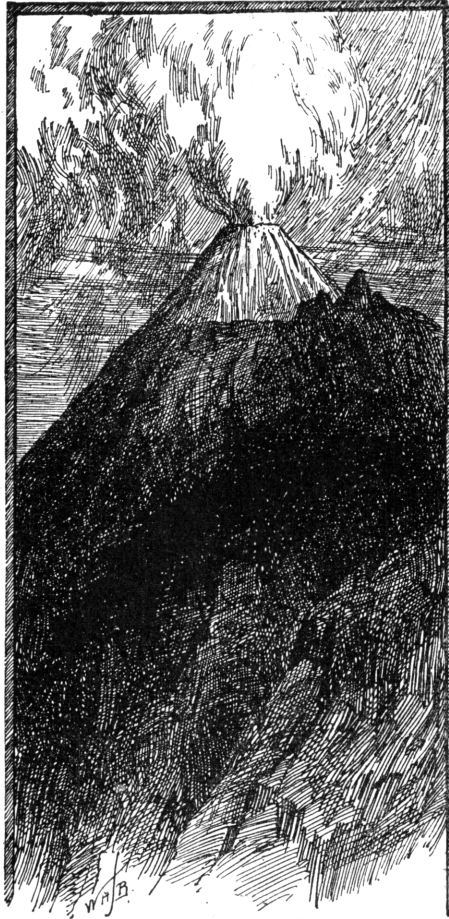
In fact, most of the very lofty volcanoes present more or less lateral cones.

The mountain, commencing as a chasm, gradually builds itself up into a cone, often of the most beautiful regularity, such as the gigantic peaks of Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, and Fusi-yama, and hence it is that the crater is so often at, or very near, the summit.

Perhaps no spectacle in Nature is more

imposing or magnificent than a volcano in activity. It has been my good fortune to have stood at the edge of the crater of Vesuvius during an eruption; to have watched the lava seething below, while enormous stones were shot up high into the air. Such a spectacle can never be forgotten.

The most imposing crater in the world is probably that of Kilawea, at a height of 1,200 metres on the side of Mouna Loa, in the island of Hawaii. It has a diameter of 2,500 metres, and is elliptic in outline, with a longer axis of 5 kilometres, and a circumference of 11. The interior is a great lake of lava, the level of which is constantly changing. Generally it stands about 250 metres below the edge, and the depth is about 450 metres. The heat is intense, and, especially at night, when the clouds are coloured scarlet by the reflection



COTOPAXI.

from the molten lava, the effect is said to be magnificent. Gradually the lava mounts in the crater until it either bursts through the side, or runs over the edge, after which the crater remains empty, sometimes for years. A lava stream flows down the slope of the mountain like a burning river, at first rapidly, but, as it cools, scorice gradually form, and at length the molten matter covers itself

* "Mountaineering in 1861."

completely, both above and at the sides, with a solid crust, within which, as in a tunnel, it continues to flow slowly as long as it is supplied from the source, here and there breaking through the crust which, as continually, reforms in front. Thus the terrible, inexorable river of fire slowly descends, destroying everything in its course.

The stone, ashes, and mud ejected during eruptions are even more destructive than the rivers of lava. In 1851 Tomboro, a volcano on the island of Sumbava, cost more lives than fell in the battle of Waterloo. The earthquake of Lisbon in 1755 destroyed 60,000 persons. During the earthquake of Riobamba and the mud eruption of Tun-guragua, and again in that of Krakatoa, it is estimated that the number who perished was between 30,000 and 40,000. At the earthquake of Antioch in 526, no less than 200,000 persons are said to have lost their lives.

Perhaps the most destructive eruption of modern times has been that on Cosequina. For twenty-five miles it covered the ground with muddy water sixteen feet in depth. The dust and ashes formed a dense cloud extending over many miles, some of it being carried twenty degrees to the west. The total mass ejected has been estimated at fifty milliards of square metres.

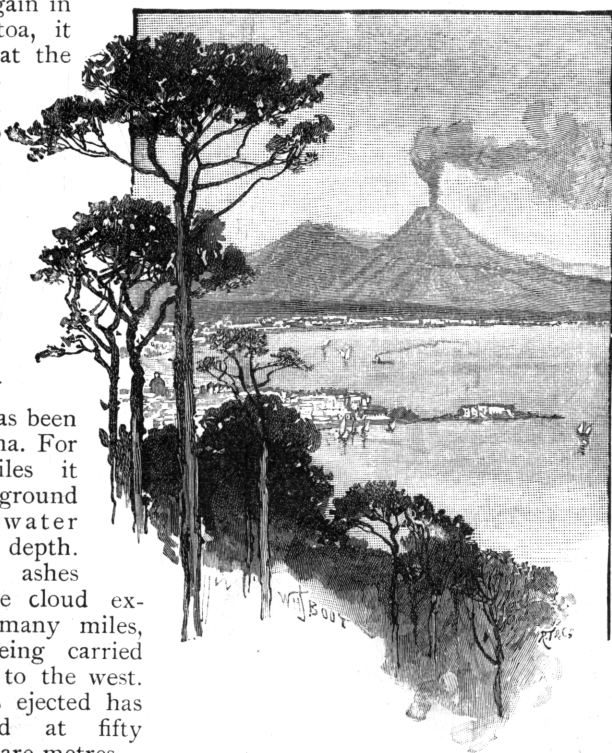
Though long extinct, volcanoes once existed in the English Isles: Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, for instance, appears to be the funnel of a small volcano, belonging to the carboniferous period.

The summit of the mountain is often entirely blown away. Between my two first visits to Vesuvius 200 feet of the mountain had been thus blown up. Vesuvius itself stands in the ancient crater, part of which still remains and is now

known as Somma, the greater part having disappeared in the great eruption of 79, when the mountain, waking from its long sleep, destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii.

As regards the origin of volcanoes there have been two main theories. Impressed by the magnitude and grandeur of the phenomena, enhanced as they are by their destructive character, many have been disposed to regard the craters of volcanoes as gigantic chimneys, passing right through the solid crust of the globe, and communicating with the central fire. Recent researches, however, have indicated that, grand and imposing as they are, volcanoes must yet be regarded as due mainly to local and superficial causes.

A glance at the map shows that volcanoes are almost always situated on, or near, the sea coast. From the interiors of continents they are entirely wanting. The number of active volcanoes in the Andes contrasted with their absence in the Alps and Ourals, the Himalayas and Central Asian chains, is very striking. Indeed, the Pacific Ocean is encircled, as Ritter pointed out, by a ring of fire. It seems probable that the friction and pressure which have led to the formation of mountain



VESUVIUS AND SOMMA.

chains had given rise to areas of excessively high temperature, and that where water has access to such regions volcanoes are produced by the explosions.

Yet though we cannot connect volcanic action with the central heat of the earth, but must regard it as a minor and local manifestation of force, volcanoes still remain among the grandest, most awful, and at the same time most magnificent spectacles which the earth can afford.

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

XI.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE BERYL CORONET.



HOLMES," said I, as I stood one morning in our bow window looking down the street, "here is a madman coming along. It seems rather sad that his relatives should allow him to come out alone."

My friend rose lazily from his arm-chair, and stood with his hands in the pockets of his dressing gown, looking over my shoulder. It was a bright, crisp February morning, and the snow of the day before still lay deep upon the ground, shimmering brightly in the wintry sun. Down the centre of Baker-street it had been ploughed into a brown crumbly band by the traffic, but at either side and on the heaped-up edges of the footpaths it still lay as white as when it fell. The grey pavement had been cleaned and scraped, but was still dangerously slippery, so that there were fewer passengers than usual. Indeed, from the direction of the Metropolitan Station no one was coming save the single gentleman whose eccentric conduct had drawn my attention.

He was a man of about fifty, tall, portly, and imposing, with a massive, strongly marked face and a commanding figure. He was dressed in a sombre yet rich style, in black frock-coat, shining hat, neat brown gaiters, and well cut pearl grey trousers. Yet his actions were in absurd contrast to the dignity of his dress and features, for he was running hard, with occasional little springs, such as a weary man gives who is

little accustomed to set any tax upon his legs. As he ran he jerked his hands up and down, waggled his head, and writhed his face into the most extraordinary contortions.

"What on earth can be the matter with him?" I asked. "He is looking up at the numbers of the houses."

"I believe that he is coming here," said Holmes, rubbing his hands.

"Here?"

"Yes; I rather think he is coming to consult me professionally. I think that I recognise the symptoms. Ha! did I not tell you?" As he spoke, the man, puffing and blowing, rushed at our door, and pulled at our bell until the whole house resounded with the clanging.

A few moments later he was in our room, still puffing, still gesticulating, but with so fixed a look of grief and despair in his eyes that our smiles were turned in an instant to horror and pity. For a while he could not get his words out, but swayed his body and plucked at his hair like one who has been driven to the extreme limits of his reason. Then, suddenly springing



"WITH A LOOK OF GRIEF AND DESPAIR."

to his feet, he beat his head against the wall with such force that we both rushed upon him, and tore him away to the centre of the room. Sherlock Holmes pushed him down into the easy-chair, and, sitting beside him, patted his hand, and chatted with him in the easy, soothing tones which he knew so well how to employ.

"You have come to me to tell your story, have you not?" said he. "You are fatigued with your haste. Pray wait until you have recovered yourself, and then I shall be most happy to look into any little problem which you may submit to me."

The man sat for a minute or more with a heaving chest, fighting against his emotion. Then he passed his handkerchief over his brow, set his lips tight, and turned his face towards us.

"No doubt you think me mad?" said he.

"I see that you have had some great trouble," responded Holmes.

"God knows I have!—a trouble which is enough to unseat my reason, so sudden and so terrible is it. Public disgrace I might have faced, although I am a man whose character has never yet borne a stain. Private affliction also is the lot of every man; but the two coming together, and in so frightful a form, have been enough to shake my very soul. Besides, it is not I alone. The very noblest in the land may suffer, unless some way be found out of this horrible affair."

"Pray compose yourself, sir," said Holmes, "and let me have a clear account of who you are, and what it is that has befallen you."

"My name," answered our visitor, "is probably familiar to your ears. I am Alexander Holder, of the banking firm of Holder & Stevenson, of Threadneedle-street."

The name was indeed well known to us, as belonging to the senior partner in the second largest private banking concern in the City of London. What could have happened, then, to bring one of the foremost citizens of London to this most pitiable pass? We waited, all curiosity, until with another effort he braced himself to tell his story.

"I feel that time is of value," said he, "that is why I hastened here when the police inspector suggested that I should secure your co-operation. I came to Baker-street by the Underground, and hurried from there on foot, for the cabs go slowly

through this snow. That is why I was so out of breath, for I am a man who take very little exercise. I feel better now, and I will put the facts before you as shortly and yet as clearly as I can.

"It is, of course, well known to you that in a successful banking business as much depends upon our being able to find remunerative investments for our funds, as upon our increasing our connection and the number of our depositors. One of our most lucrative means of laying out money is in the shape of loans, where the security is unimpeachable. We have done a good deal in this direction during the last few years, and there are many noble families to whom we have advanced large sums upon the security of their pictures, libraries, or plate.

"Yesterday morning I was seated in my office at the Bank, when a card was brought in to me by one of the clerks. I started when I saw the name, for it was that of none other than—well, perhaps even to you I had better say no more than that it was a name which is a household word all over the earth—one of the highest, noblest, most exalted names in England. I was overwhelmed by the honour, and attempted, when he entered, to say so, but he plunged at once into business with the air of a man who wishes to hurry quickly through a disagreeable task.

"'Mr. Holder,' said he, 'I have been informed that you are in the habit of advancing money.'

"'The firm do so when the security is good,' I answered.

"'It is absolutely essential to me,' said he, 'that I should have fifty thousand pounds at once. I could of course borrow so trifling a sum ten times over from my friends, but I much prefer to make it a matter of business, and to carry out that business myself. In my position you can readily understand that it is unwise to place oneself under obligations.'

"'For how long, may I ask, do you want this sum?' I asked.

"'Next Monday I have a large sum due to me, and I shall then most certainly repay what you advance, with whatever interest you think it right to charge. But it is very essential to me that the money should be paid at once.'

"'I should be happy to advance it without further parley from my own private purse,' said I, 'were it not that the strain would be rather more than it could bear. If, on

the other hand, I am to do it in the name of the firm, then in justice to my partner I must insist that, even in your case, every businesslike precaution should be taken.'

"I should much prefer to have it so," said he, raising up a square, black morocco case which he had laid beside his chair. 'You have doubtless heard of the Beryl coronet?'

"One of the most precious public possessions of the Empire," said I.

"Precisely." He opened the case, and there, embedded in soft, flesh-coloured velvet, lay the magnificent piece of jewellery which he had named. 'There are thirty-

absolutely certain that I should be able in four days to reclaim it. It is a pure matter of form. Is the security sufficient?'

"Ample."

"You understand, Mr. Holder, that I am giving you a strong proof of the confidence which I have in you, founded upon all that I have heard of you. I rely upon you not only to be discreet and to refrain from all gossip upon the matter, but, above all, to preserve this coronet with every possible precaution, because I need not say that a great public scandal would be caused if any harm were to befall it. Any injury to it would be almost as serious as its complete loss, for there are no beryls in the world to match these, and it would be impossible to replace them. I leave it with you, however, with every confidence, and I shall call for it in person on Monday morning.'

"Seeing that my client was anxious to leave, I said no more; but, calling for my cashier, I ordered him to pay over fifty thousand-pound notes. When I was alone once more, however, with the precious case lying upon the table in front of me, I could not but think with some misgivings of the immense responsibility which it entailed upon me. There could be no doubt that, as it was a national possession, a horrible scandal would ensue if any misfortune should occur to it. I already regretted having ever consented to take charge of it. However, it was too late to alter the matter now, so I locked it up in my private safe, and turned once more to my work.

"When evening came, I felt that it would be an imprudence

to leave so precious a thing in the office behind me. Bankers' safes had been forced before now, and why should not mine be? If so, how terrible would be the position in which I should find myself! I determined, therefore, that for the next few days I would always carry the case backwards and forwards with me, so that it might never be really out of my reach. With this intention, I called a cab, and drove out to my house at Streatham, carrying the jewel with me. I did not breathe freely until I had taken it upstairs, and locked it in the bureau of my dressing-room.



"I TOOK THE PRECIOUS CASE."

nine enormous beryls,' said he, 'and the price of the gold chasing is incalculable. The lowest estimate would put the worth of the coronet at double the sum which I have asked. I am prepared to leave it with you as my security.'

"I took the precious case into my hands and looked in some perplexity from it to my illustrious client.

"You doubt its value?' he asked.

"Not at all. I only doubt——"

"The propriety of my leaving it. You may set your mind at rest about that. I should not dream of doing so were it not

"And now a word as to my household, Mr. Holmes, for I wish you to thoroughly understand the situation. My groom and my page sleep out of the house, and may be set aside altogether. I have three maid-servants who have been with me a number of years, and whose absolute reliability is quite above suspicion. Another, Lucy Parr, the second waiting-maid, has only been in my service a few months. She came with an excellent character, however, and has always given me satisfaction. She is a very pretty girl, and has attracted admirers who have occasionally hung about the place. That is the only drawback which we have found to her, but we believe her to be a thoroughly good girl in every way.

"So much for the servants. My family itself is so small that it will not take me long to describe it. I am a widower, and have an only son, Arthur. He has been a disappointment to me, Mr. Holmes—a grievous disappointment. I have no doubt that I am myself to blame. People tell me that I have spoiled him. Very likely I have. When my dear wife died I felt that he was all I had to love. I could not bear to see the smile fade even for a moment from his face. I have never denied him a wish. Perhaps it would have been better for both of us had I been sterner, but I meant it for the best.

"It was naturally my intention that he should succeed me in my business, but he was not of a business turn. He was wild, wayward, and, to speak the truth, I could not trust him in the handling of large sums of money. When he was young he became a member of an aristocratic club, and there, having charming manners, he was soon the intimate of a number of men with long purses and expensive habits. He learned to play heavily at cards and to squander money on the turf, until he had again and again to come to me and implore me to give him an advance upon his allowance, that he might settle his debts of honour. He tried more than once to break away from the dangerous company which he was keeping, but each time the influence of his friend Sir George Burnwell was enough to draw him back again.

"And, indeed, I could not wonder that such a man as Sir George Burnwell should gain an influence over him, for he has frequently brought him to my house, and I have found myself that I could hardly resist

the fascination of his manner. He is older than Arthur, a man of the world to his finger-tips, one who had been everywhere, seen everything, a brilliant talker, and a man of great personal beauty. Yet when I think of him in cold blood, far away from the glamour of his presence, I am convinced from his cynical speech, and the look which I have caught in his eyes, that he is one who should be deeply distrusted. So I think, and so, too, thinks my little Mary, who has a woman's quick insight into character.

"And now there is only she to be described. She is my niece; but when my brother died five years ago and left her alone in the world I adopted her, and have looked upon her ever since as my daughter. She is a sunbeam in my house—sweet, loving, beautiful, a wonderful manager and housekeeper, yet as tender and quiet and gentle as a woman could be. She is my right hand. I do not know what I could do without her. In only one matter has she ever gone against my wishes. Twice my boy has asked her to marry him, for he loves her devotedly, but each time she has refused him. I think that if anyone could have drawn him into the right path it would have been she, and that his marriage might have changed his whole life; but now, alas! it is too late—for ever too late!

"Now, Mr. Holmes, you know the people who live under my roof, and I shall continue with my miserable story.

"When we were taking coffee in the drawing-room that night, after dinner, I told Arthur and Mary my experience, and of the precious treasure which we had under our roof, suppressing only the name of my client. Lucy Parr, who had brought in the coffee, had, I am sure, left the room; but I cannot swear that the door was closed. Mary and Arthur were much interested, and wished to see the famous coronet, but I thought it better not to disturb it.

"'Where have you put it?' asked Arthur.

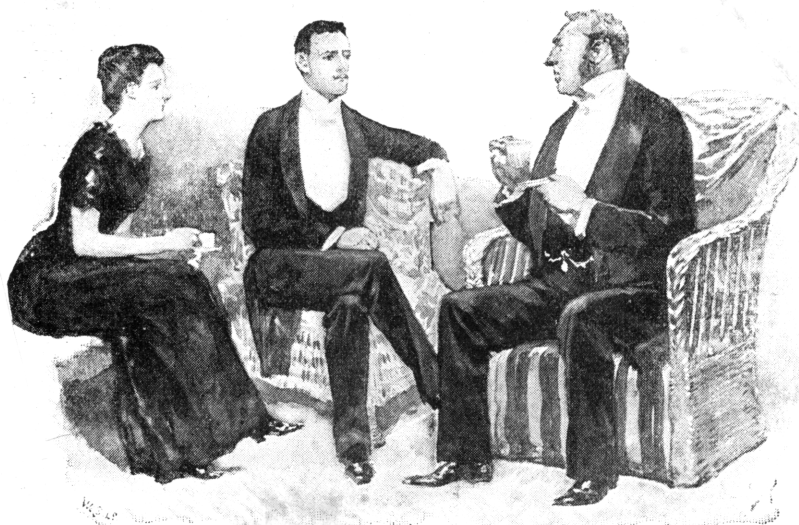
"'In my own bureau.'

"'Well, I hope to goodness the house won't be burgled during the night,' said he.

"'It is locked up,' I answered.

"'Oh, any old key will fit that bureau. When I was a youngster I have opened it myself with the key of the box-room cupboard.'

"He often had a wild way of talking, so that I thought little of what he said. He



"OH, ANY OLD KEY WILL FIT THAT BUREAU."

followed me to my room, however, that night with a very grave face.

"Look here, dad," said he, with his eyes cast down. "Can you let me have two hundred pounds?"

"No, I cannot!" I answered, sharply. "I have been far too generous with you in money matters."

"You have been very kind," said he; "but I must have this money, or else I can never show my face inside the club again."

"And a very good thing, too!" I cried.

"Yes, but you would not have me leave it a dishonoured man," said he. "I could not bear the disgrace. I must raise the money in some way, and if you will not let me have it, then I must try other means."

"I was very angry, for this was the third demand during the month. 'You shall not have a farthing from me,' I cried, on which he bowed and left the room without another word.

"When he was gone I unlocked my bureau, made sure that my treasure was safe, and locked it again. Then I started to go round the house to see that all was secure—a duty which I usually leave to Mary, but which I thought it well to perform myself that night. As I came down the stairs I saw Mary herself at the side window of the hall, which she closed and fastened as I approached.

"Tell me, dad," said she, looking, I thought, a little disturbed, 'did you give Lucy, the maid, leave to go out to-night?'

"Certainly not."

"She came in just now by the back door. I have no doubt that she has only been to the side gate to see someone, but I think that it is hardly safe, and should be stopped."

"You must speak to her in the morning, or I will, if you prefer it. Are you sure that everything is fastened?"

"Quite sure, dad."

"Then, good-night." I kissed her, and went up to my bedroom again, where I was soon asleep.

"I am endeavouring to tell you everything, Mr. Holmes, which may have any bearing upon the case, but I beg that you will question me upon any point which I do not make clear."

"On the contrary, your statement is singularly lucid."

"I come to a part of my story now in which I should wish to be particularly so. I am not a very heavy sleeper, and the anxiety in my mind tended, no doubt, to make me even less so than usual. About two in the morning, then, I was awakened by some sound in the house. It had ceased ere I was wide awake, but it had left an impression behind it as though a window had gently closed somewhere. I lay listening with all my ears. Suddenly, to my horror, there was a distinct sound of footsteps moving softly in the next room. I slipped out of bed, all palpitating with fear, and peeped round the corner of my dressing-room door.

"'Arthur!' I screamed, 'you villain! you thief! How dare you touch that coronet?'"



"AT MY CRY HE DROPPED IT."

"The gas was half up, as I had left it, and my unhappy boy, dressed only in his shirt and trousers, was standing beside the light, holding the coronet in his hands. He appeared to be wrenching at it, or bending it with all his strength. At my cry he dropped it from his grasp, and turned as pale as death. I snatched it up and examined it. One of the gold corners, with three of the beryls in it, was missing.

"'You blackguard!' I shouted, beside myself with rage. 'You have destroyed it! You have dishonoured me for ever! Where are the jewels which you have stolen?'"

"'Stolen!' he cried.

"'Yes, you thief!' I roared, shaking him by the shoulder.

"'There are none missing. There cannot be any missing,' said he.

"'There are three missing. And you know where they are. Must I call you a liar as well as a thief? Did I not see you trying to tear off another piece?'"

"'You have called me names enough,' said he, 'I will not stand it any longer. I shall not say another word about this business since you have chosen to insult me. I will leave your house in the morning, and make my own way in the world.'

"'You shall leave it in the hands of the police!' I cried, half mad with grief and rage. 'I shall have this matter probed to the bottom.'

"'You shall learn nothing from me,' said he, with a passion such as I should not have thought was in his nature. 'If you choose to call the police, let the police find what they can.'

"By this time the whole house was astir, for I had raised my voice in my anger. Mary was the first to rush into my room, and, at the sight of the coronet and of Arthur's face, she read the whole story, and, with a scream, fell down senseless on the ground. I sent the housemaid for the police, and put the investigation into their hands at once. When the inspector and a constable entered the house, Arthur, who had stood sullenly with his arms folded, asked me whether

it was my intention to charge him with theft. I answered that it had ceased to be a private matter, but had become a public one, since the ruined coronet was national property. I was determined that the law should have its way in everything.

"'At least,' said he, 'you will not have me arrested at once. It would be to your advantage as well as mine if I might leave the house for five minutes.'

"'That you may get away, or perhaps that you may conceal what you have stolen,' said I. And then realising the dreadful position in which I was placed, I implored him to remember that not only my honour, but that of one who was far greater than I was at stake; and that he threatened to raise a scandal which would convulse the nation. He might avert it all if he would but tell me what he had done with the three missing stones.

"'You may as well face the matter,' said I; 'you have been caught in the act, and

no confession could make your guilt more heinous. If you but make such reparation as is in your power, by telling us where the beryls are, all shall be forgiven and forgotten.'

"Keep your forgiveness for those who ask for it," he answered, turning away from me with a sneer. I saw that he was too hardened for any words of mine to influence him. There was but one way for it. I called in the inspector, and gave him into custody. A search was made at once, not only of his person, but of his room, and of every portion of the house where he could possibly have concealed the gems; but no trace of them could be found, nor would the wretched boy open his mouth for all our persuasions and our threats. This morning he was removed to a cell, and I, after going through all the police formalities, have hurried round to you, to implore you to use your skill in unravelling the matter. The police have openly confessed that they can at present make nothing of it. You may go to any expense which you think necessary. I have already offered a reward of a thousand pounds. My God, what shall I do! I have lost my honour, my gems, and my son in one night. Oh, what shall I do!"

He put a hand on either side of his head, and rocked himself to and fro, droning to himself like a child whose grief has got beyond words.

Sherlock Holmes sat silent for some few minutes, with his brows knitted and his eyes fixed upon the fire.

"Do you receive much company?" he asked.

"None, save my partner with his family, and an occasional friend of Arthur's. Sir George Burnwell has been several times lately. No one else, I think."

"Do you go out much in society?"

"Arthur does. Mary and I stay at home. We neither of us care for it."

"That is unusual in a young girl."

"She is of a quiet nature. Besides, she is not so very young. She is four and twenty."

"This matter, from what you say, seems to have been a shock to her also."

"Terrible! She is even more affected than I."

"You have neither of you any doubt as to your son's guilt?"

"How can we have, when I saw him with my own eyes with the coronet in his hands."

"I hardly consider that a conclusive

proof. Was the remainder of the coronet at all injured?"

"Yes, it was twisted."

"Do you not think, then, that he might have been trying to straighten it?"

"God bless you! You are doing what you can for him and for me. But it is too heavy a task. What was he doing there at all? If his purpose were innocent, why did he not say so?"

"Precisely. And if it were guilty, why did he not invent a lie? His silence appears to me to cut both ways. There are several singular points about the case. What did the police think of the noise which awoke you from your sleep?"

"They considered that it might be caused by Arthur's closing his bedroom door."

"A likely story! As if a man bent on felony would slam his door so as to wake a household. What did they say, then, of the disappearance of these gems?"

"They are still sounding the planking, and probing the furniture in the hope of finding them."

"Have they thought of looking outside the house?"

"Yes, they have shown extraordinary energy. The whole garden has already been minutely examined."

"Now, my dear sir," said Holmes, "is it not obvious to you now that this matter really strikes very much deeper than either you or the police were at first inclined to think? It appeared to you to be a simple case; to me it seems exceedingly complex. Consider what is involved by your theory. You suppose that your son came down from his bed, went, at great risk, to your dressing-room, opened your bureau, took out your coronet, broke off by main force a small portion of it, went off to some other place, concealed three gems out of the thirty-nine, with such skill that nobody can find them, and then returned with the other thirty-six into the room in which he exposed himself to the greatest danger of being discovered. I ask you now, is such a theory tenable?"

"But what other is there?" cried the banker with a gesture of despair. "If his motives were innocent, why does he not explain them?"

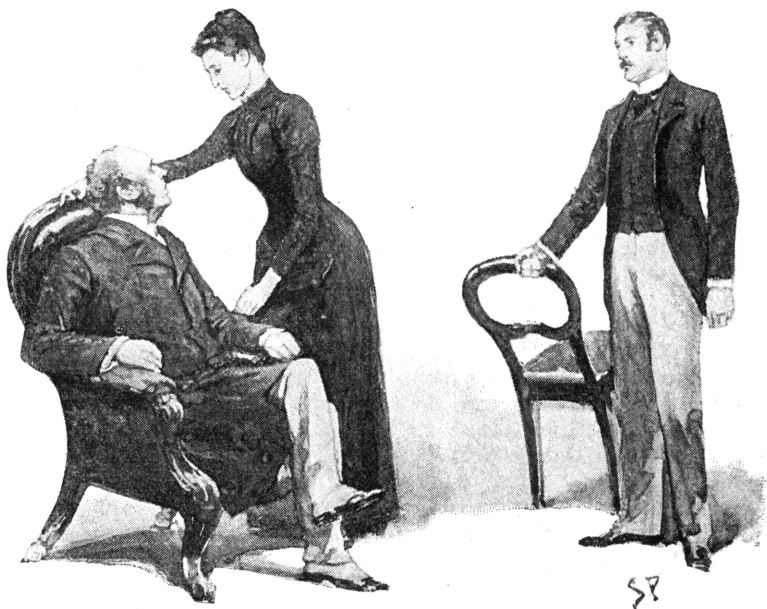
"It is our task to find that out," replied Holmes, "so now, if you please, Mr. Holder, we will set off for Streatham together, and devote an hour to glancing a little more closely into details."

My friend insisted upon my accompanying them in their expedition, which I was eager enough to do, for my curiosity and sympathy were deeply stirred by the story to which we had listened. I confess that the guilt of the banker's son appeared to me to be as obvious as it did to his unhappy father, but still I had such faith in Holmes' judgment that I felt that there must be some grounds for hope as long as he was dissatisfied with the accepted explanation. He hardly spoke a word the whole way out to the southern suburb, but sat with his chin upon his breast, and his hat drawn over his eyes, sunk in the deepest thought. Our client appeared to have taken fresh heart at the little glimpse of hope which had been presented to him, and he even broke into a desultory chat with me over his business affairs. A short railway journey, and a shorter walk, brought us to Fairbank, the modest residence of the great financier.

Fairbank was a good-sized square house of white stone, standing back a little from the road. A double carriage sweep, with a snowclad lawn, stretched down in front to the two large iron gates which closed the entrance. On the right side was a small wooden thicket which led into a narrow path between two neat hedges stretching from the road to the kitchen door, and forming the tradesmen's entrance. On the left ran a lane which led to the stables, and was not itself within the grounds at all, being a public, though little used, thoroughfare. Holmes left us standing at the door, and walked slowly all round the house, across the front, down the tradesmen's path, and so round by the garden behind into the stable lane. So long was he that Mr. Holder and I went into the dining-room, and waited

by the fire until he should return. We were sitting there in silence when the door opened, and a young lady came in. She was rather above the middle height, slim, with dark hair and eyes, which seemed the darker against the absolute pallor of her skin. I do not think that I have ever seen such deadly paleness in a woman's face. Her lips, too, were bloodless, but her eyes were flushed with crying. As she swept silently into the room she impressed me with a greater sense of grief than the banker had done in the morning, and it was the more striking in her as she was evidently a woman of strong character, with immense capacity for self-restraint. Disregarding my presence, she went straight to her uncle, and passed her hand over his head with a sweet womanly caress.

"You have given orders that Arthur should be liberated, have you not, dad?" she asked.



"SHE WENT STRAIGHT TO HER UNCLE."

"No, no, my girl, the matter must be probed to the bottom."

"But I am so sure that he is innocent. You know what women's instincts are. I know that he has done no harm, and that you will be sorry for having acted so harshly."

"Why is he silent, then, if he is innocent?"

"Who knows? Perhaps because he was so angry that you should suspect him."

"How could I help suspecting him, when I actually saw him with the coronet in his hand?"

"Oh, but he had only picked it up to look at it. Oh, do, do take my word for it that he is innocent. Let the matter drop, and say no more. It is so dreadful to think of our dear Arthur in prison!"

"I shall never let it drop until the gems are found—never, Mary! Your affection for Arthur blinds you as to the awful consequences to me. Far from hushing the thing up, I have brought a gentleman down from London to inquire more deeply into it."

"This gentleman?" she asked, facing round to me.

"No, his friend. He wished us to leave him alone. He is round in the stable lane now."

"The stable lane?" She raised her dark eyebrows. "What can he hope to find there! Ah! this, I suppose, is he. I trust, sir, that you will succeed in proving, what I feel sure is the truth, that my cousin Arthur is innocent of this crime."

"I fully share your opinion, and, I trust with you, that we may prove it," returned Holmes, going back to the mat to knock the snow from his shoes. "I believe I have the honour of addressing Miss Mary Holder. Might I ask you a question or two?"

"Pray do, sir, if it may help to clear this horrible affair up."

"You heard nothing yourself last night?"

"Nothing, until my uncle here began to

speak loudly. I heard that, and I came down."

"You shut up the windows and doors the night before. Did you fasten all the windows?"

"Yes."

"Were they all fastened this morning?"

"Yes."

"You have a maid who has a sweetheart? I think that you remarked to your uncle last night that she had been out to see him?"

"Yes, and she was the girl who waited in the drawing-room, and who may have heard uncle's remarks about the coronet."

"I see. You infer that she may have gone out to tell her sweetheart, and that the two may have planned the robbery."

"But what is the good of all these vague theories," cried the banker, im-

patiently, "when I have told you that I saw Arthur with the coronet in his hands?"

"Wait a little, Mr. Holder. We must come back to that. About this girl, Miss Holder. You saw her return by the kitchen door, I presume?"

"Yes; when I went to see if the door was fastened for the night I met her slipping in. I saw the man, too, in the gloom."

"Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes; he is the greengrocer who brings our vegetables round. His name is Francis Prosper."

"He stood," said Holmes, "to the left of the

door—that is to say, further up the path than is necessary to reach the door?"

"Yes, he did."

"And he is a man with a wooden leg?"

Something like fear sprang up in the young lady's expressive black eyes. "Why,



"SOMETHING LIKE FEAR SPRANG UP IN THE YOUNG LADY'S EYES."

you are like a magician," said she. "How do you know that?" She smiled, but there was no answering smile in Holmes' thin, eager face.

"I should be very glad now to go upstairs," said he. "I shall probably wish to go over the outside of the house again. Perhaps I had better take a look at the lower windows before I go up."

He walked swiftly round from one to the other, pausing only at the large one which looked from the hall on to the stable lane. This he opened, and made a very careful examination of the sill with his powerful magnifying lens. "Now we shall go upstairs," said he, at last.

The banker's dressing-room was a plainly furnished little chamber with a grey carpet, a large bureau, and a long mirror. Holmes went to the bureau first, and looked hard at the lock.

"Which key was used to open it?" he asked.

"That which my son himself indicated—that of the cupboard of the lumber-room."

"Have you it here?"

"That is it on the dressing-table."

Sherlock Holmes took it up and opened the bureau.

"It is a noiseless lock," said he. "It is no wonder that it did not wake you. This case, I presume, contains the coronet. We must have a look at it." He opened the case, and, taking out the diadem, he laid it upon the table. It was a magnificent specimen of the jeweller's art, and the thirty-six stones were the finest that I have ever seen. At one side of the coronet was a crooked cracked edge, where a corner holding three gems had been torn away.

"Now, Mr. Holder," said Holmes; "here is the corner which corresponds to that which has been so unfortunately lost. Might I beg that you will break it off?"

The banker recoiled in horror. "I should not dream of trying," said he.

"Then I will." Holmes suddenly bent his strength upon it, but without result. "I feel it give a little," said he; "but, though I am exceptionally strong in the fingers, it would take me all my time to break it. An ordinary man could not do it. Now, what do you think would happen if I did break it, Mr. Holder? There would be a noise like a pistol shot. Do you tell me that all this happened within a few yards of your bed, and that you heard nothing of it?"

"I do not know what to think. It is all dark to me."

"But perhaps it may grow lighter as we go. What do you think, Miss Holder?"

"I confess that I still share my uncle's perplexity."

"Your son had no shoes or slippers on when you saw him?"

"He had nothing on save only his trousers and shirt."

"Thank you. We have certainly been favoured with extraordinary luck during this inquiry, and it will be entirely our own fault if we do not succeed in clearing the matter up. With your permission, Mr. Holder, I shall now continue my investigations outside."

He went alone, at his own request, for he explained that any unnecessary footmarks might make his task more difficult. For an hour or more he was at work, returning at last with his feet heavy with snow and his features as inscrutable as ever.

"I think that I have seen now all that there is to see, Mr. Holder," said he; "I can serve you best by returning to my rooms."

"But the gems, Mr. Holmes. Where are they?"

"I cannot tell."

The banker wrung his hands. "I shall never see them again!" he cried. "And my son? You give me hopes?"

"My opinion is in no way altered."

"Then for God's sake what was this dark business which was acted in my house last night?"

"If you can call upon me at my Baker-street rooms to-morrow morning between nine and ten I shall be happy to do what I can to make it clearer. I understand that you give me *carte blanche* to act for you, provided only that I get back the gems, and that you place no limit on the sum I may draw."

"I would give my fortune to have them back."

"Very good. I shall look into the matter between this and then. Good-bye, it is just possible that I may have to come over here again before evening."

It was obvious to me that my companion's mind was now made up about the case, although what his conclusions were was more than I could even dimly imagine. Several times during our homeward journey I endeavoured to sound him upon the point, but he always glided away to some other topic, until at last I gave it over in despair. It was not yet three when we found our-



"DRESSED AS A COMMON LOAFER."

selves in our room once more. He hurried to his chamber and was down again in a few minutes dressed as a common loafer. With his collar turned up, his shiny seedy coat, his red cravat, and his worn boots, he was a perfect sample of the class.

"I think that this should do," said he, glancing into the glass above the fireplace. "I only wish that you could come with me, Watson, but I fear that it won't do. I may be on the trail in this matter, or I may be following a will o' the wisp, but I shall soon know which it is. I hope that I may be back in a few hours." He cut a slice of beef from the joint upon the sideboard, sandwiched it between two rounds of bread, and, thrusting this rude meal into his pocket, he started off upon his expedition.

I had just finished my tea when he returned, evidently in excellent spirits, swinging an old elastic-sided boot in his hand. He chucked it down into a corner and helped himself to a cup of tea.

"I only looked in as I passed," said he. "I am going right on."

"Where to?"

"Oh, to the other side of the West-end. It may be some time before I get back. Don't wait up for me in case I should be late."

"How are you getting on?"

"Oh, so so. Nothing to complain of. I have been out to Streatham since I saw you last, but I did not call at the house. It is a very sweet little problem, and I would not have missed it for a good deal. However, I must not sit gossiping here, but must get these disreputable clothes off and return to my highly respectable self."

I could see by his manner that he had stronger reasons for satisfaction than his words alone would imply. His eyes twinkled, and there was even a touch of colour upon his sallow cheeks. He hastened upstairs, and a few minutes later I heard the slam of the hall door, which told me that he was off once more upon his congenial hunt.

I waited until midnight, but there was no sign of his return, so I retired to my room. It was no uncommon thing for him to be away for days and nights on end when he was hot upon a scent, so that his lateness caused me no surprise. I do not know at what hour he came in, but when I came down to breakfast in the morning, there he was with a cup of coffee in one hand and the paper in the other, as fresh and trim as possible.

"You will excuse my beginning without you, Watson," said he; "but you remember that our client has rather an early appointment this morning."

"Why, it is after nine now," I answered. "I should not be surprised if that were he. I thought I heard a ring."

It was, indeed, our friend the financier. I was shocked by the change which had come over him, for his face, which was naturally of a broad and massive mould, was now pinched and fallen in, while his hair seemed to me at least a shade whiter. He entered with a weariness and lethargy which was even more painful than his violence of the morning before, and he dropped heavily into the arm-chair which I pushed forward for him.

"I do not know what I have done to be so severely tried," said he. "Only two days ago I was a happy and prosperous man, without a care in the world. Now I am left to a lonely and dishonoured age. One sorrow comes close upon the heels of another. My niece, Mary, has deserted me."

"Deserted you?"

"Yes. Her bed this morning had not been slept in, her room was empty, and a note lay for me upon the hall table. I had said to her last night, in sorrow and not in anger, that if she had married my boy all might have been well with him. Perhaps it was thoughtless of me to say so. It is to that remark that she refers in this note: 'My dearest Uncle,—I feel that I have brought trouble upon you, and that if I had acted differently this terrible misfortune might never have occurred. I cannot, with this thought in my mind, ever again be happy under your roof, and I feel that I must leave you for ever. Do not worry about my future, for that is provided for; and, above all, do not search for me, for it will be fruitless labour, and an ill service to me. In life or in death, I am ever your loving,—MARY.' What could she mean by that note, Mr. Holmes? Do you think it points to suicide?"

"No, no, nothing of the kind. It is perhaps the best possible solution. I trust, Mr. Holder, that you are nearing the end of your troubles."

"Ha! You say so! You have heard something, Mr. Holmes; you have learned something! Where are the gems?"

"You would not think a thousand pounds apiece an excessive sum for them?"

"I would pay ten."

"That would be unnecessary. Three thousand will cover the matter. And there is a little reward, I fancy. Have you your cheque-book? Here is a pen. Better make it out for four thousand pounds."

With a dazed face the banker made out the required cheque. Holmes walked over to his desk, took out a little triangular piece of gold with three gems in it, and threw it down upon the table.

With a shriek of joy our client clutched it up.

"You have it!" he gasped. "I am saved! I am saved!"

The reaction of joy was as passionate as his grief had been, and he hugged his recovered gems to his bosom.

"There is one other thing you owe,"

Mr. Holder," said Sherlock Holmes, rather sternly

"Owe!" He caught up a pen. "Name the sum, and I will pay it."

"No, the debt is not to me. You owe a very humble apology to that noble lad, your son, who has carried himself in this matter as I should be proud to see my own son do, should I ever chance to have one."

"Then it was not Arthur who took them?"

"I told you yesterday, and I repeat to-day, that it was not."

"You are sure of it! Then let us hurry to him at once, to let him know that the truth is known."

"He knows it already. When I had cleared it all up I had an interview with him, and, finding that he would not tell me the story, I told it to him, on which he had to confess that I was right, and to add the very few details which were not yet quite clear to me. Your news of this morning, however, may open his lips."

"For Heaven's sake, tell me, then, what is this extraordinary mystery!"

"I will do so, and I will show you the steps by which I reached it. And let me say to you, first, that which it is hardest for me to say and for you to hear. There has been an understanding between Sir George Burnwell, and your niece Mary. They have now fled together."

"My Mary? Impossible!"

"It is, unfortunately, more than possible; it is certain. Neither you nor your son knew the true character of this man when you admitted him into your family circle. He is one of the most dangerous men in England—a ruined gambler, an absolutely desperate villain; a man without heart or conscience. Your niece knew nothing of such men. When he breathed his vows to her, as he had done to a hundred before her, she flattered herself that she alone had touched his heart. The devil knows best what he said, but at least she became his tool, and was in the habit of seeing him nearly every evening."

"I cannot, and I will not, believe it!" cried the banker, with an ashen face.

"I will tell you, then, what occurred in your house last night. Your niece, when you had, as she thought, gone to your room, slipped down and talked to her lover through the window which leads into the stable lane. His footmarks had pressed right through the snow, so long had he stood there. She

told him of the coronet. His wicked lust for gold kindled at the news, and he bent her to his will. I have no doubt that she loved you, but there are women in whom the love of a lover extinguishes all other loves, and I think that she must have been one. She had hardly listened to his instructions when she saw you coming down stairs, on which she closed the window rapidly, and told you about one of the servants' escapade with her wooden-legged lover, which was all perfectly true.

"Your boy, Arthur, went to bed after his interview with you, but he slept badly on account of his uneasiness about his club debts. In the middle of the night he heard a soft tread pass his door, so he rose, and looking out was surprised to see his cousin walking very stealthily along the passage, until she disappeared into your dressing-room. Petrified with astonishment the lad slipped on some clothes, and waited there in the dark to see what would come of this

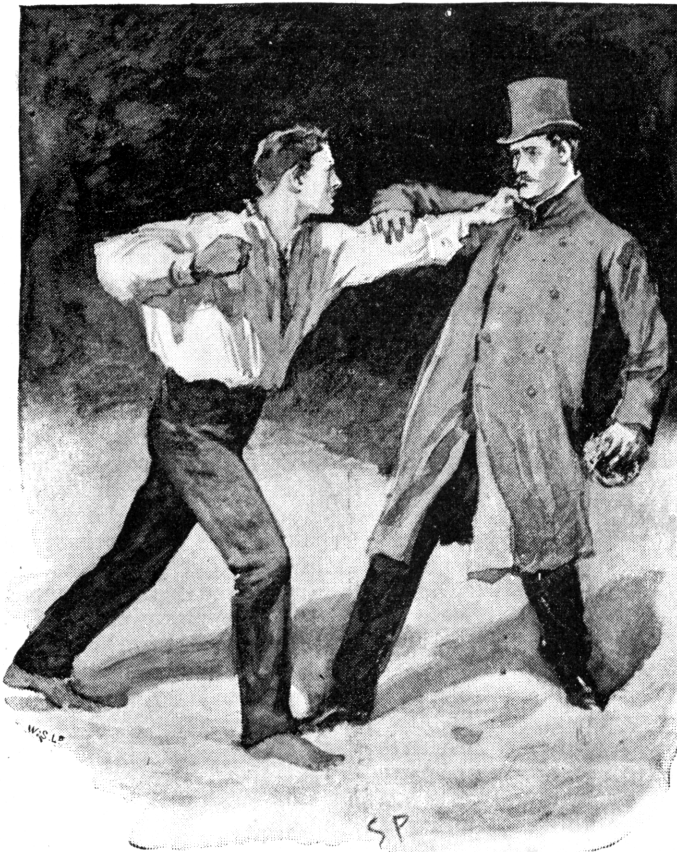
strange affair. Presently she emerged from the room again, and in the light of the passage lamp your son saw that she carried the precious coronet in her hands. She passed down the stairs, and he, thrilling with horror, ran along and slipped behind the curtain near your door, whence he could see what passed in the hall beneath. He saw her stealthily open the window, hand out the coronet to someone in the gloom, and then closing it once more hurry back to her room, passing quite close to where he stood hid behind the curtain.

"As long as she was on the scene he could not take any action without a horrible exposure of the woman whom he loved. But the instant that she was gone he realised how crushing a misfortune this would be for you, and how all-important it was to set it right. He rushed down, just as he was, in his bare feet, opened the window, sprang out into the snow, and ran down the lane, where he could see a dark

figure in the moonlight. Sir George Burnwell tried to get away, but Arthur caught him, and there was a struggle between them, your lad tugging at one side of the coronet, and his opponent at the other. In the scuffle, your son struck Sir George, and cut him over the eye. Then something suddenly snapped, and your son, finding that he had the coronet in his hands, rushed back, closed the window, ascended to your room, and had just observed that the coronet had been twisted in the struggle, and was endeavouring to straighten it, when you appeared upon the scene."

"Is it possible?" gasped the banker.

"You then roused his anger by calling him names at a moment when he felt that he had deserved your warmest thanks. He could not explain the true state of affairs without betraying one who certainly deserved little enough con-



"ARTHUR CAUGHT HIM."

sideration at his hands. He took the more chivalrous view, however, and preserved her secret."

"And that was why she shrieked and fainted when she saw the coronet," cried Mr. Holder. "Oh, my God! what a blind fool I have been. And his asking to be allowed to go out for five minutes! The dear fellow wanted to see if the missing piece were at the scene of the struggle. How cruelly I have misjudged him!"

"When I arrived at the house," continued Holmes, "I at once went very carefully round it to observe if there were any traces in the snow which might help me. I knew that none had fallen since the evening before, and also that there had been a strong frost to preserve impressions. I passed along the tradesmen's path, but found it all trampled down and indistinguishable. Just beyond it, however, at the far side of the kitchen door, a woman had stood and talked with a man, whose round impressions on one side showed that he had a wooden leg. I could even tell that they had been disturbed, for the woman had run back swiftly to the door, as was shown by the deep toe and light heel-marks, while Wooden-leg had waited a little, and then had gone away. I thought at the time that this might be the maid and her sweetheart, of whom you had already spoken to me, and inquiry showed it was so. I passed round the garden without seeing anything more than random tracks, which I took to be the police; but when I got into the stable lane a very long and complex story was written in the snow in front of me.

"There was a double line of tracks of a booted man, and a second double line which I saw with delight belonged to a man with naked feet. I was at once convinced from what you had told me that the latter was your son. The first had walked both ways, but the other had run swiftly, and, as his tread was marked in places over the depression of the boot, it was obvious that he had passed after the other. I followed them up, and found that they led to the hall window, where Boots had worn all the snow away while waiting. Then I walked to the other end, which was a hundred yards or more down the lane. I saw where Boots had faced round, where the snow was cut up as though there had been a struggle, and, finally, where a few drops of blood had fallen, to show me that I was not mistaken. Boots had then run down

the lane, and another little smudge of blood showed that it was he who had been hurt. When he came to the high road at the other end, I found that the pavement had been cleared, so there was an end to that clue.

"On entering the house, however, I examined, as you remember, the sill and framework of the hall window with my lens, and I could at once see that someone had passed out. I could distinguish the outline of an instep where the wet foot had been placed in coming in. I was then beginning to be able to form an opinion as to what had occurred. A man had waited outside the window, someone had brought him the gems; the deed had been overseen by your son, he had pursued the thief, had struggled with him, they had each tugged at the coronet, their united strength causing injuries which neither alone could have effected. He had returned with the prize, but had left a fragment in the grasp of his opponent. So far I was clear. The question now was, who was the man, and who was it brought him the coronet?

"It is an old maxim of mine that when you have excluded the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth. Now, I knew that it was not you who had brought it down, so there only remained your niece and the maids. But if it were the maids, why should your son allow himself to be accused in their place? There could be no possible reason. As he loved his cousin, however, there was an excellent explanation why he should retain her secret—the more so as the secret was a disgraceful one. When I remembered that you had seen her at that window, and how she had fainted on seeing the coronet again, my conjecture became a certainty.

"And who could it be who was her confederate? A lover evidently, for who else could outweigh the love and gratitude which she must feel to you? I knew that you went out little, and that your circle of friends was a very limited one. But among them was Sir George Burnwell. I had heard of him before as being a man of evil reputation among women. It must have been he who wore those boots, and retained the missing gems. Even though he knew that Arthur had discovered him, he might still flatter himself that he was safe, for the lad could not say a word without compromising his own family.

"Well, your own good sense will suggest what measures I took next. I went in the

shape of a loafer to Sir George's house, managed to pick up an acquaintance with his valet, learned that his master had cut his head the night before, and finally, at the expense of six shillings, made all sure by buying a pair of his cast-off shoes. With these I journeyed down to Streatham, and saw that they exactly fitted the tracks."

"I saw an ill-dressed vagabond in the lane yesterday evening," said Mr. Holder.

"Precisely. It was I. I found that I had my man, so I came home and changed my clothes. It was a delicate part which I had to play then, for I saw that a prosecution must be avoided to avert scandal, and I knew that so astute a villain would see that our hands were tied in the matter. I went and saw him. At first, of course, he denied everything. But when I gave him every particular that had occurred, he tried to bluster, and took down a life-preserver from the wall. I knew my man, however, and I clapped a pistol to his head before he could strike. Then he became a little more reasonable. I told him that we would give him a price for the stones he held—a thousand pounds apiece. That brought out the first signs of grief that he had shown.

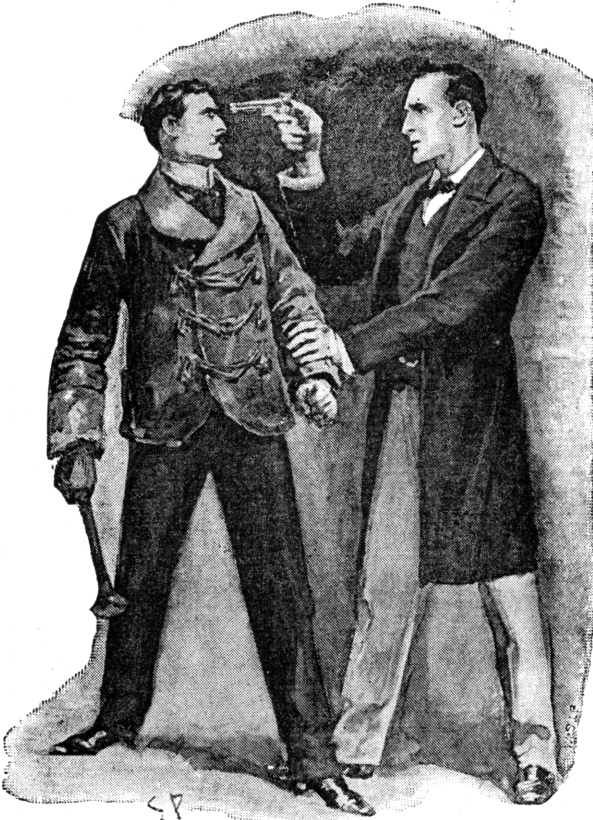
'Why, dash it all!' said he, 'I've let them go at six hundred for the three!' I soon managed to get the address of the receiver

who had them, on promising him that there would be no prosecution. Off I set to him, and after much chaffering I got our stones at a thousand apiece. Then I looked in upon your son, told him that all was right, and eventually got to my bed about two o'clock, after what I may call a really hard day's work."

"A day which has saved England from a great public scandal," said the banker, rising. "Sir, I cannot find words to thank you, but you shall not find me ungrateful for what you have done. Your skill has

indeed exceeded all that I have ever heard of it. And now I must fly to my dear boy to apologise to him for the wrong which I have done him. As to what you tell me of poor Mary, it goes to my very heart. Not even your skill can inform me where she is now."

"I think that we may safely say," returned Holmes, "that she is wherever Sir George Burnwell is. It is equally certain, too, that whatever her sins are, they will soon receive a more than sufficient punishment."



"I CLAPPED A PISTOL TO HIS HEAD."

Champions.

FREDERICK JOHN OSMOND.



HIS gentleman is one of the few champions among champions of sport—one of those Ormondes of the wheel compared to whom the ordinary run of champions are second raters. Cortis was the first phenomenon of this kind produced among cyclists, and Furnivall the second—Osmond is the only other as yet. Born in 1867, Mr. Osmond began cycle-racing before he was 19, being at that time a tall, pale slip of a lad, whom few outsiders would have selected as a champion athlete. Mr. G. L. Hillier, however, who can find good form no matter where hidden, persuaded him to take up racing, and with the probably unique result that at his very first race meeting the subject of our sketch won each of his races, one being a scratch race. Since that day (June 19, 1886) his mark in a handicap has been permanently fixed at scratch. In 1887 Mr. Osmond took to the tricycle and began to capture championships. At this period of his career, however, Mr. Osmond was by no means a stranger to defeat, and it is well to remember that even in the case of so exceptional a performer as he, hard work, perseverance, and occasional disappointment are the unavoidable lanes which lead to success. In 1888 he had to be content with second place in the one-

mile bicycle championship—the “blue ribbon” of cycling—being beaten by Mr. Synyer. He avenged himself, however, on the following day by beating Synyer over the same distance at Aston. Championships and other scratch races fell to him, including those for each of the three great cups. In the following year he made the Brixton cup finally his own, and won the twenty-five miles bicycle championship. 1890 was a brilliant year for Mr. Osmond, albeit beginning badly with a defeat—when insufficiently trained—from his old opponent Mr. Synyer. Perhaps strung up by this,

he made a clean sweep of all the bicycle championships of the year—the one, five, twenty-five, and fifty miles, to wit. In this year he also lowered the mile bicycle record to 2 minutes 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, and made the Surrey cup finally his own property. In 1890, too, he fought out the last of his contests with his most formidable antagonist, Synyer, and won. Last year, owing to a bad accident early in the season, he rode



From a *Know*. by

FREDERICK JOHN OSMOND. [H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

little; but won each championship and scratch race he was able to ride for, and made a series of records of an astounding character, upon the safety bicycle—one mile being covered in 2 minutes 16 seconds, and only 500 yards short of twenty-four miles in an hour, breaking all records for shorter distances on the fiery way. Mr. Osmond is an engineer by profession, and his latest records have been made upon

a machine of his own design—the “Whitworth.” Standing now 6 feet 2 inches high, and weighing 12 stone, he bids fair to remain our premier racing cyclist for some time.

GEORGE PILKINGTON MILLS.

As Mr. Osmond is a king among cycling champions on the racing path, so Mr. G. P. Mills is a king among those of the road. Like Mr. Osmond, too, Mr. Mills is an engineer, and also like him he has devoted

some of his professional knowledge to the design of cycles. Further, both were born in the same year, Mr. Mills, however, being somewhat the elder. Although a Londoner by birth (having been born in Bayswater), the earlier of his great feats were credited to him as a Liverpoolian, the Mersey city being his place of residence at the time. Like many famous cyclists, Mr. Mills “began early,” by riding, at the age of thirteen, a 44-inch ordinary bicycle—and riding it well, too. At the age of fifteen lengthened legs brought a taller machine, and in the following year he won his first prize in a two-mile race at his school (Liverpool College) sports. The list of his early road-riding feats—even from the age of sixteen—is, though wonderful, beyond our space. On July 6, 1885, he accomplished on a tricycle what was at that time considered the wonderful distance of 202 miles, and added some equally fine performances on the tall bicycle.

On August 22 he secured his first world's record, by winning the Anfield Club's twenty-four hours race, covering 259 miles on his 53-inch bicycle, and beating the second man by a trifle of 50 miles. Not bad for a lad of eighteen. In July of 1886 he made the first of his famous journeys from Land's End to John o' Groat's, astounding the wheel world by accomplishing the long and difficult ride in 5 days 13½ hours, on an “ordinary,” beating the previous record by

30¼ hours. A month after, he beat his own twenty-four hours ordinary bicycle record by riding 273 miles—a record which stood until last year, when it was beaten by the rider of a pneumatic. The rest of this year was signalised by a series of equally brilliant feats. He broke the Land's End to John o' Groat's tricycle record by 29½ hours, won the North Road Club's twenty-four hours race, beat the 50 miles tandem record with Mr. A. J. Wilson, and beat the 50 miles safety record in time which few

men indeed could now equal on modern pneumatic machines. The year's work was crowned by another attack on the twenty-four hours record, which was raised to 295 miles, the machine breaking twenty minutes before the finish. In 1887, after beating the Southern Counties' 50 miles record, he did a little path work, and much surprised those who believed him to be a road rider alone, by beating the redoubtable Cripps level in a mile tricycle race, and winning medals in the tricycling championships. Soon, however, he left this for his more legitimate sphere, the

road. On June 10 he beat the 50 mile tricycle record against a bad wind. In July he visited Holland, and astonished the natives by winning their 100 kilometre road championship in the most hollow fashion, beating the second man by half an hour. The North Road Club's twenty-four hours ride this year gave him the opportunity of beating the twenty-four hours tricycle record, and this he did by covering 264 miles, with five hours of rain and wind storm.

Three weeks after, in another race held by the North Road Club, he beat the 100 miles tricycle record, and a week after this, with Mr. R. Tingey, he again beat the twenty-four hours tandem record—riding 298½ miles. By this time Mr. Mills's records were put at such a figure as to be regarded as unassailable. Nevertheless, since nobody else tried, he set to work in 1888 and beat



From a photo. by GEORGE PILKINGTON MILLS. (Barraud.)

some of his own records—the twelve hours, 50 miles, and 100 miles tricycle. 1889 was a quieter year, in which Mr. Mills returned for a little to the path, and won a few prizes. In 1890 he did not race at all, but devoted himself, with some success, to rifle shooting. His two great feats of 1891 are fresh in everybody's remembrance. A great international race from Bordeaux to Paris resulted in the competing Englishmen completely outclassing the Continental riders, and in Mr. Mills almost equally out-classing the other Englishmen, riding the whole distance of 360 miles in 26 hours 34 minutes, and beating Mr. Holbein, the second man, by an hour and a quarter. It is noticeable that Mr. Mills had never ridden a safety bicycle at all for twenty-four hours since October, 1886, until this race, while the fact that he was run into early in the ride, and his machine disabled, so that he was obliged to ride various unsuitable borrowed machines for the rest of the distance, makes the feat all the more wonderful. Mr. Mills' second feat of last year was his great ride from Land's End to John o' Groat's, beating his former record by fourteen hours. Virtually the record was beaten by twenty-one hours, but four miles from the finish a fit of sleep knocked the record-breaker over for the other seven hours, so that the actual journey took 4 days 11¼ hours, with drenching rain most of the way and soddened roads.

Mr. Mills is 5 feet 10½ inches high, and weighs 11 stone 4 lbs. Our portrait shows him in the uniform of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment, in which he is the Lieutenant Commanding the Cyclist Section.

GUY NICKALLS.

The original of this portrait is a fine specimen of English athleticism. Born in 1866, Mr. Guy Nickalls was educated at Eton and at Magdalen College, Oxford, taking his degree in Decem-

ber, 1890. Always to the fore in active sports, he swam and ran with the best at school and college. At the present time he makes a good straight line across country after the fox, and is fond of shooting. It is, however, as an oar and a sculler that Mr. Nickalls has chiefly shone. Beginning in 1880, at Eton (where, if a boy has it in him to row at all, he will demonstrate the fact sooner or later), he made a great mark in the school boats until in 1886 he went to Oxford, and was one of the winning University four and one of the losing trial eight. Next year saw Mr. Nickalls rowing in the Oxford eight against Cambridge, Cambridge winning. After winning the University sculls, he rowed in the (losing) Magdalen four and in the winning trial eight. At Henley he rowed with the Oxford Etonians for the Grand Challenge Cup, but his crew were not successful. At this Henley meeting began the series of manifold tussles between Mr. Guy Nickalls and Mr. J. C. Gardner, of Cambridge University. Mr. Gardner won the Diamond Sculls, but Mr. Nickalls afterwards equalised matters by winning the Wingfield Sculls—carrying the Amateur Championship. In 1888, again, Mr. Nickalls was one of the losing Oxford eight against Cambridge. After,

with Mr. W. F. D. Smith, he won the University pairs. His college boat (of course, with himself in it) this year attained the head of the river, and soon after this Mr. Nickalls became secretary to the University Boating Club. He rowed at Henley eights for the Leander, and this year won both the Diamond Sculls and the Amateur Championship. Once more—in 1889—Mr. Nickalls experienced the disappointment of the defeat of Oxford by Cambridge. He repeated his last year's performance in winning the pairs—this time in company with Lord Amptill—and soon after became pre-



From a Photo. by

GUY NICKALLS.

[Hills & Saunders.]

sident of the O.U.B.C. Then came Henley, and, although one of the beaten pair for the Goblets—won by Messrs. Muttelbury and Gardner—he repeated his last year's feat of winning both the Diamond Sculls and the Amateur Championship. He was stroke, too, to the winning University four. In 1890 the spell of Oxford defeat was broken, and, as president of the Oxford Club, Mr. Nickalls had the gratification of beating Cambridge by a length. Again, with Lord Amptill, he won the University pairs, and the Diamond Sculls at Henley. He managed a variation on the 1889 programme, however, by winning (still with Lord Amptill) the Goblets. Another variation was not so gratifying; for, in the Amateur Championship, he suffered defeat at the hands of Mr. Gardner.

Last year again saw Mr. Nickalls triumphant in the Oxford boat in the Inter-Varsity race. At Henley he had a seat in the winning boat for the Grand Challenge, and, once more with Lord Amptill, won the Goblets.

Feeling, no doubt, that by three successive wins he had sufficiently asserted his claim on the Diamond Sculls, he resigned in favour of his brother. But the Amateur Championship was a different matter; for, after three successive wins (the last a walk over), it had been wrested from him, in 1890, by Mr. Gardner. Wherefore he girded up his flannels and recovered the title. Now, after his brilliant career as an athlete, Mr. Guy Nickalls enters the serious race of life as a stockbroker.

JAMES KIBBLEWHITE.

Of form and feature as here pictured, with a first birthday in 1866, a height of

5 feet 9½ inches and a weight, in running costume, of 10 stone, Mr. James Kibblewhite is our one and ten mile amateur champion pedestrian. Trophies to the value of more than £1,000 he has collected during his successful running career, and some are here shown. Among his spoils the 50-guinea Challenge Cup of the Salford Harriers, the Colmore Challenge Cup, and the Cheltenham Trophy of a similar kind are conspicuous. His distance begins at a mile, and extends up to

as far as an amateur usually has an opportunity of running in competition. Beginning the sport in 1884, when eighteen years of age, Mr. Kibblewhite has had several years of very hard leg-work, and has victoriously fought out many a hard scamper. His mile running has curiously "favoured" the figures 4 minutes 23½ seconds, that being his recorded time for the distance again and again. He made that same time once in a handicap, in which he had to catch and pass 150 men; let

that runner who has accomplished such a feat tell what it means. For a mile race on a grass track his time was once recorded as 4 minutes 20 seconds, but his best record is undoubtedly, his three miles in 14 minutes 29¾ seconds at Stamford Bridge, which still stands as a world's record, amateur or professional. He runs across country as well as on the flat, and has won the Ten-miles Southern Counties Cross Country Championship twice, and the National Championship of the same class and distance once. Running on the flat he has placed to his credit the One-mile Amateur Championship three times, the four miles once, the ten miles once, the Two-miles



From a Photo. by

JAMES KIBBLEWHITE.

[H. Hemmins, Swindon.

Northern Counties Championship once, and the Half-mile Championship of the same district once ; while, since the greater includes the less, it is not surprising to learn that he has thrice won the Championship of Wilts, in which county lies Purton, where he resides.

MORTIMER REMINGTON.

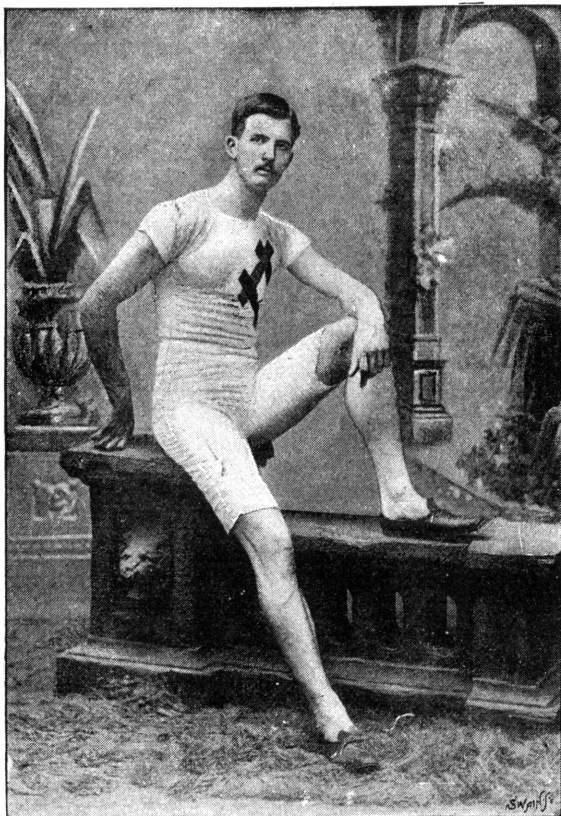
Our quarter-mile Amateur Championship is held by an American ; but we have the satisfaction of knowing, at any rate, that he is a good man.

His name is Mortimer Remington. He was born in 1868. His bodily height is 5 feet 11 inches, and his weight, when in training and "peeled" ready to run, is 10 stone 10 lbs. He ran his first race in November, 1889—a 100 yards sprint for novices—and won—in rubber shoes! Other wins followed, and by the season of 1890, he had very nearly reached the scratch mark. At the beginning of September he signalled his first triumph in an open level race, by beating F. Westing in a 100 yards—time, 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds ; and winning the level

220 in 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. The 27th of the same month brought Mr. Remington his first championship at Montreal, where he won the quarter-mile in 50 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, Mr. W. C. Downes being second. From Montreal he travelled West with the Salford Harriers' team, then in America, picking up triumphs as he went along—at Detroit, Boston, and Chicago. Everybody expected him to win the quarter-mile American Championship, but—another competitor stumbled exactly in front of him, knocking him out of his stride,

and giving the race to his old opponent, Downes. Other events Mr. Remington took part in, but the next of great importance was our own 440 yards championship, which he won. While on this side he made the best of his time, winning a 400 metre race at Paris, a 100 yards and quarter-mile level at Stamford Bridge, a 100 yards level and a 300 yards handicap from scratch at Paddington, the level quarter at the Salford Harriers sports, and the quarter handicap on the same occasion, running two heats

from scratch, and getting through a thick field in 50 seconds. Altogether a very fine burst of work, most of his hundreds being done in the "even ten." Returning to America, he again beat Downes in the Metropolitan District Championship of 440 yards ; but after that "went stale," lost weight and condition, and was twice defeated by Downes in comparatively slow time. This year, no doubt, he will do something to retrieve his losses. Mr. Remington is a journalist, and one of those gentlemanly Americans who form the quiet majority of his



From a Photo. by]

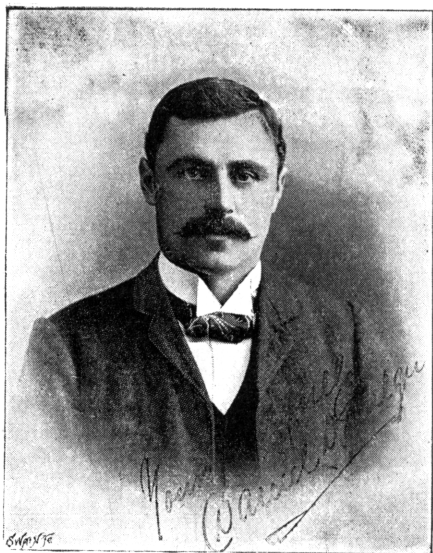
MORTIMER REMINGTON.

[Banks, Manchester.

countrymen.

DANIEL DELANY BULGER.

This gentleman possesses an extraordinary record as an all-round athlete—runner, jumper, and performer over hurdles. This may be understood from the fact that of forty-seven championship contests of one kind and another in which he has taken part he has won thirty, and taken second place in ten. Twenty-six years of age, born at Kilrush, County Clare, edu-



From a Photo. by) DANIEL DELANY BULGER. [Lafayette, Dublin.

cated at the French College and Dublin University (where he took his B.A. in 1886), no room is left for doubt as to the emerald character of his birth and upbringing. At school he showed quality, and in 1885 began sprint training, winning the 220 yards championship of Ireland. The 1886 Irish 220 yards, and the 1887 Irish 100 and 220 yards flat and 120 yards hurdle championships were his, and many other hurdle races in this latter year. Next year brought him the Irish 100 yards and long jump championships, and many other races.

He came to England for the first time in the August of 1888, and, among other things, defeated Mr. E. H. Pelling for the Stourbridge Challenge Cup. The year 1889 was signalised by Mr. Bulger's first appearance in an English championship; and, although defeated in the 100 yards, he won the long jump with 21 feet 9 inches. Next Saturday, at Crewe, he again defeated Mr. Pelling (champion) for the Northern Counties 100 yards Championship, this being without a doubt his best sprint performance. Irish championships and numerous other events fell to him in this year and 1890, and he crowned the latter season by beating the Irish record over 120 yards of hurdles by one-fifth of a second—some watches made it two-fifths. Last year hurdle racing chiefly occupied his attention. After a dead heat with Mr. Godfrey Shaw for the Northern Counties Championship he was beaten by that redoubtable performer in

the run-off. Strictly attending to training he won the race which now gives him his title of Amateur Champion of England at 120 yards of hurdles, although, through the neglect of the authorities in not properly marking out each man's course, a misunderstanding arose which led to an order to run off again, when Mr. Bulger ran alone, the other two competitors declining to turn out. It was a most unfortunate affair, which no one regretted more than Mr. Bulger himself. Later in the same afternoon he tied with Mr. M. W. Ford for the long jump championship. The inter-club contest between the London Athletic Club and the Dublin University gave him an opportunity of distinguishing himself, which he did by winning the long jump with 22 feet 2 inches, his best jump. Mr. Bulger's reputation as an athlete rests largely on his extraordinary versatility, most men finding it impossible successfully to combine high and long jumping with sprinting and hurdle work. Mr. Bulger is by profession a stockbroker, being the junior partner in the firm of D. S. Bulger & Son, of Dublin.

GODFREY SHAW.

This gentleman has confined his attention to hurdle-racing, in which he is really a wonderful performer. He holds the world's record (amateur or professional) for a quarter-mile over ten 3 ft. 6 in. hurdles, his time (made first in New Zealand) being



From a Photo. by) GODFREY SHAW [Mayall & Co., Brighton.

sixty-two seconds. Mr. Shaw began with a great all-round burst, at his very first sports meeting winning five mixed events. The famous three-stride trick over hurdles he first learned in November, 1885, when one of the groundmen at Cambridge (Mr. Shaw's University) taught him. Mr. Shaw's cleverest use of this method of progression was in Paris in 1886, when winning the 120 mètres hurdle race; the hurdles were placed $10\frac{1}{16}$ yards apart, and Mr. Shaw accomplished the very ticklish task of keeping his "three-step" all

the way. Immediately after this he went to live for some time in New Zealand, where he won very nearly every hurdle championship but one. At the Christchurch sports he made his great quarter-mile hurdle record, and at the same meeting he won the 120 yards hurdle handicap, actually from 25 yards *behind* scratch, making his whole distance in $18\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, both in heat and final. This was the fastest handicap ever run, and the longest starts ever successfully conceded. May, 1890, saw him

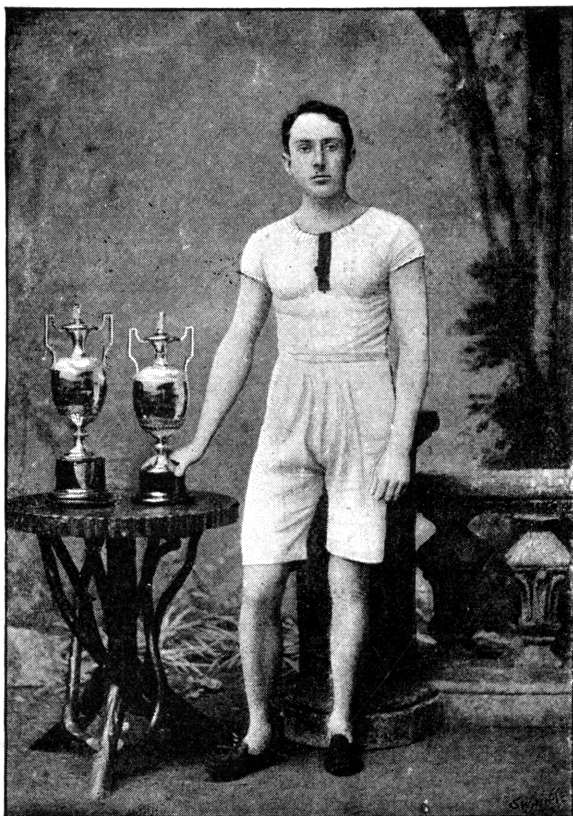
back in England, and the mere list of his wins here would be tedious. Notably, however, he won the North of England Championship, beating Mr. Bulger, and the L.A.C. Hurdle Challenge Cup. In the English championship he was unplaced, refusing to turn out, after the misunderstanding alluded to in treating of Mr. Bulger's career. This was altogether a most unfortunate race, for Mr. B. C. Green, whom we shall presently speak of, and who, with Messrs. Bulger and Shaw, would probably have made a gallant

fight, fell in his heat. The account of races between Messrs. Bulger and Shaw stands at two wins for the latter out of three meetings, in 120 yards hurdle contests, while at longer distances Mr. Shaw gives everybody starts. Last year, also, he beat the world's record for a quarter of a mile over ten 3 ft. hurdles, his time being $57\frac{1}{2}$ seconds—a really marvellous feat—and followed it up by equalling his New Zealand quarter-mile record over the higher hurdles, of 62 seconds, turning an involuntary summersault over his last

hurdle. Mr. Shaw is 5 feet $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches high, and weighs, when trained, 10 stone 8 lbs., and is twenty-six years of age.

BERNARD C. GREEN.

This gentleman may fairly be called the all-round champion medical athlete. He is a student at St. Bartholomew's, and has had a most brilliant career in the departments of the high jump, the long jump, sprint racing on the flat, and hurdlework. He made his mark at many school sports, and the enumeration of half his early wins would be an impossibility in this article.



From a Photo. by]

BERNARD C. GREEN.

[Whiteley, Bayswater, W.

Again and again he has worthily represented the United Hospitals Athletic Club in their matches with the Edinburgh University and the L.A.C. In 1890, in the match with Edinburgh University, he won the 100 yards, the quarter-mile, and the 120 yards over hurdles. The 100 yards race in the match with the L.A.C., in the same year, brought about a wonderful finish, Mr. Green, Mr. Pelling, and Mr. G. S. S. Marshall running a treble dead-heat. In the 1891 match with the Edin-



From a Photo. by THOMAS JENNINGS. (Stearn, Cambridge.)

burgh University, the 100 yards, the 440 yards, and the long jump were his. Fighting for his own hospital at the United Hospital sports, he won for it the 100 yards, the 220 yards, the quarter-mile and the 120 yards hurdles in 1890, and at the same meeting next year he gave "Bart's" the 100 yards, 220 yards, the hurdles, and the long jump. This last measured 21 ft. 10 in.—a hospital record. Fighting for the L.A.C. against Oxford University in 1890, he defeated both the Oxford representatives in the hurdle race. In the competition between the L.A.C. and Cambridge last year again he won the hurdles, beating Mr. W. Fleming, who shortly after won the Inter-Varsity race of the same kind. In the match with Dublin University last year he dead-heated with Mr. Bulger. On his own private account he won, in 1890, the L.A.C. 250 yards Challenge Cup, and the same club's Challenge Cup for 440 yards over hurdles; the long jump at three L.A.C. meetings last year, on one occasion beating Mr. M. W. Ford, the American representative; and the 100 yards, long jump, and hurdle championships of Scotland, at Glasgow again last year. In the English 120 yards hurdle championship he had the misfortune to fall.

THOMAS JENNINGS.

Mr. Jennings is our high-jump amateur champion. He was born in Cork on January 21, 1869, and is Irish by descent. He went to Cambridge in 1888, and not only took his "blue" in his first year, but won the English high-jump championship

and tied for the Irish. At the next English championship, in 1889, he had to be content with second place; but last year, in his third Cambridge year, he regained the title, holding at the time the additional distinction of the presidency of the Cambridge University Athletic Club. He has, of course, won many prizes besides the championships, but, like a good amateur, holds them in comparatively cheap estimation. Physically Mr. Jennings is a model athlete, standing full 6 feet high, measuring 42 inches round the chest, and weighing, normally, 14 stone 4 lbs., and when trained a stone less. He has won many prizes in first-rate company in many sports besides the high jump—notably in hurdle events, hammer throwing and weight putting, the long jump, the quarter-mile on the flat, and throwing the cricket ball. He is a first-flight man behind the hounds in winter, and owns a pack of otter hounds which he hunts in the summer—thus following a branch of sport in which few can now indulge in this country, since otters have become so scarce.

JAMES SMART.

Notwithstanding the general unpleasantness of our climate, we rarely find it cold enough to provide anything like good skating for long together, wherefore we may, with justice, be the more proud of the many fine skaters which the country has



From a Photo. by JAMES SMART. (John Kennerell, W. & A. Beck.)

produced. James Smart, the subject of this sketch, is a brother of the famous "Fish" Smart, who so long held the championship, but whom James defeated in 1889 at Lingay Fen, thus taking the title. Born in 1865, James Smart began racing on skates in 1887, when he beat Benedict Kingma, the Dutchman, in a mile race in the splendid time of 2 minutes 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. Victory in a ten-mile race at Spalding followed this, the time again being first-rate—36 minutes 39 seconds. On February 28, 1888, he won the Dutch Scarf in competition with twenty-four of the best Dutch skaters, beating, among the others, Vanden Berg and Kingma; this scarf, with the colours of the Amsterdam Club, he still holds. The skating season of 1889 saw him English champion in virtue of his defeat of his brother already alluded to. Since that time he has won many races, at Leytonstone, Tottenham, Boston, Littleport, Cambridge, Chatteris, Huntingdon, St. Ives, Wisbech, and other places, one of the most notable of these contests being the mile race open to the world for £100 at Heerenveen in Holland. The skating season just past saw him the winner of a few more races in this country, but most of it he spent in Norway, unfortunately not always skating with success, the long racing skates used in that country being new to him. Smart is about 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighs 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ stones. The skating traditions of the Smart family are great ones, and no doubt James will maintain them as well in the future as of old.

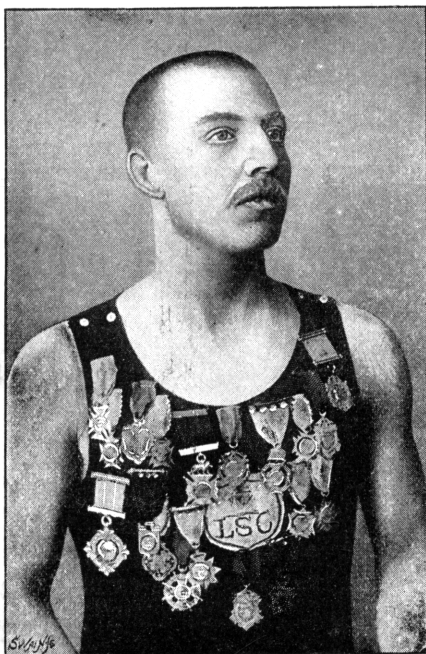
S. W. GREASLEY.

Mr. Greasley is a representative amateur of swimming. Many admirable perform-

ances in earlier years heralded his victory in the Midland Championships, at 100 yards, 220 yards, quarter-mile, and half-mile in 1889. In 1890 he was fortunate with the mile National Championship, winning it in 29 minutes 31 seconds—fastest on record for a swimmer wearing costume. In this race he beat the famous Evans, of Manchester, who holds championships of many shorter distances. At Leamington, however, the tables were turned by Evans in a 500 yards race, whereat Greasley had to put up with second place. The year was well completed by the acquisition of the mile championship of Great Britain at Kidsgrove—a runaway win by some sixty yards. The following year brought forth at Exminster the most exciting race swimmers had ever seen, when Greasley swam the half-mile championship neck and neck the whole way with Evans, just winning in 13 minutes 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds—a world's record,

amateur or professional, by nearly four seconds for the distance in open water. After again succumbing to Evans in two of the shorter distance championships, Greasley won the Mersey championship in tidal salt water in the remarkable time of 24 minutes. After this he set to work upon the mile record, and, entirely without the assistance of pacemakers, brought it down to 29 minutes 4 seconds—25 seconds better than the old record. To show that he could swim a fast short distance when he wanted, he beat the 120 yards record at Coventry, making the distance in 1 minute 24 seconds. His many wins in races of smaller im-

portance are much too numerous to be chronicled here. Mr. Greasley is not yet 25 years of age, his height is 5 feet 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and he weighs 10 stone 8 lbs.



From a Photo. by] S. W. GREASLEY. [Heawood, Leicester.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

FROM THE SERVIAN.



HERE were once a King and a Queen who had an only daughter—a princess with golden locks, whose beauty surpassed any that was ever seen or heard of. Her forehead had the brightness of the full moon, her lips the freshness of the rose, her complexion the white purity of the lily, and her breath the sweet odour of the jessamine blossom; her voice and looks were so enchanting that no one could help listening to her and gazing upon her.

The first seventeen years of this lovely princess's life were passed in her maiden apartment, and filled with joy the King, the Queen, her governesses and servants. Nobody else saw her, for all approach to her apartment was forbidden to the sons of kings and princes, and she herself never quitted it, nor ever cast her eyes on the external world, nor ever breathed the air without.

For some years past, sons of kings and other princes had sought her hand in marriage, either in person or by ambassadors; but the King had always deferred to another time the giving of his answer. Now, however, after having long deliberated with the Queen, he sent off couriers in all directions to spread the news that, in conformity with the wishes of her parents, the

princess would choose a husband, and that he towards whom her heart might incline would obtain, besides the possession of her charms, the right of succession to the kingdom.

Great was the joy of the princess as soon as she was informed of this decision. She took to gazing into the garden through the gilded trellis of her window, dreamed there for a long time, and finished by feeling an irresistible desire to descend into the garden and walk about upon the fresh greensward. So earnestly did she ask permission of her governesses that they could not refuse to allow her to walk in the garden for a little while in their company.

The crystal doors opened, the double doors of oak enclosing the orchard creaked upon their hinges, and the princess stepped upon a velvet lawn. She set off running about the garden, plucking the flowers and inhaling their perfume, and chasing the many-hued butterflies.

Prudence was not yet much developed in her young head; she strayed far away

from her governesses, her face was uncovered, her beauty displayed itself unveiled.

And now an impetuous whirlwind, such as has never been seen or recorded, even in fabulous story, burst over the garden. It roared and raged, and, snatching up the princess, bore her away.

The King and Queen, speechless with sorrow, knew not what to do. At this very time a crowd of princes had arrived at the palace. Seeing the King a prey to so much distress, they asked of him the cause.

"Woe to my white hair!" cried the King. "A Vikhar (whirlwind) has carried off my beloved daughter, the lovely princess with the golden locks, and I know not whither he has borne her. He who finds her and brings her back to me shall have her for his bride, and with her and at once the half of my kingdom, and the rest of my fortune and titles after my death."

On hearing these words spoken, the princes and knights sprang upon their horses and set forth to scour the world, inquiring everywhere for the princess with the golden locks who had been carried away by a whirlwind.

Among the most distinguished of all these was the son of a king.

His eyes resembled those of a falcon and his eyebrows those of the sable. His right hand was of pure gold. His bearing was so majestic as to excite astonishment in all who saw him.

The young prince set off, straight before him—over deep rivers and over stupendous mountains.

At length, arrived at a dark forest, he perceived at a distance a cabin perched on

the claws of a cock. About the cabin there was a field full of poppies in bloom. The prince went towards it, and suddenly felt himself overcome by a strong desire to go to sleep—a desire so strong as to be almost irresistible.

But he set spurs to his steed and, trampling down the heads of the poppies in his course, presently arrived in front of a cabin perched on a cock's claws and called out—

"Turn, cabin, turn!—turn on your claws, your back to the forest, your front to me!"

Instantly the cabin turned about with a grating sound, and brought its door on the side of the prince.

He entered and found within a stunted old woman with white hair and face all covered with wrinkles and stains, hideous to see. She was

seated behind a table, her head resting upon her hands and her eyes fixed upon the ceiling, plunged in a deep reverie. Near her, seated on a form, were her two daughters, both young and beautiful, with complexions of combined roses and lilies, most pleasing to the sight.

"How do you do, prince with the hand of gold?" asked the old woman, whose name was Yaga. "What has brought you to my dwelling?"

The prince having informed her as to the motive of his travels, she said to him—

"Many have perished on the mountain which touches the clouds, while they were searching for the princess with the golden locks carried off by Vikhar, the Whirlwind."

"How can I reach that abductor?" asked the prince.

"Ah, my poor child!—he will swallow



"THE WHIRLWIND BORE THE PRINCESS AWAY."

you up like a fly ; even I am afraid of him. For a hundred years I have not stirred out of this cabin, for fear lest he should bear me away to his mountain which touches the clouds."

"He will not carry me off, for I am not so beautiful ; and he will not carry me off for another reason—I have a hand of gold with which I can break everything."

"Well, my dove, if you are not afraid, I will help you ; but give me your word that you will bring me from that mountain some of the water of Jouvence, which possesses the virtue of instantly restoring to youthfulness whoever sprinkles herself with it."

"I promise to bring you some of it."

"This is what you must do, then. I'll give you a ball of thread to guide you ; you must throw it before you and follow it wherever it goes. It will lead you up the mountain which touches the clouds, which, in the absence of Storm, is guarded by the Tempest of the North and the Wind of the South. If, while following the ball of thread upon the mountain, you feel yourself being overcome by cold, put on this warming-cap. When you have gone further and a burning heat begins to suffocate you, drink of this refreshing flask. By the aid of these three things you will reach the summit of the mountain, where Vikhar has imprisoned the princess with the golden locks. As to how you will deal with him, that is your affair ; only, don't forget to bring me back with you some of the water that restores lost youthfulness."

The prince took the warming-cap, the refreshing-flask, and the guiding-ball of thread, and bowing to old Yaga and her two pretty daughters, sprang upon his horse, threw the ball of thread as far as he could throw it, and galloped away in the direction it indicated.

After passing across two kingdoms, he found himself in the centre of a third, in a beautiful and far-extending valley, above which rose a mountain, the top of which touched the clouds ; its summit, indeed, was so prodigiously high as almost to reach the moon.

Leaving his horse to feed at liberty, the prince, still following his guiding-ball of thread, began to ascend the steep and stony side of the mountain. Higher and higher he mounted, until he had accomplished half the ascension.

Suddenly the north wind began to blow

violently ; the cold became so intense that the trunks of trees creaked and the breath congealed into ice. The young prince felt himself becoming benumbed.

Instantly he drew from his pocket the warming-cap and placed it on his head, crying as he did so—

"Warming-cap, lend me your warmth, that the cold may harm me not."

The north wind redoubled its fury at that moment, but the prince was so warm as to be obliged to unbutton his doublet, and with his handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

Still upwards he followed the guid-

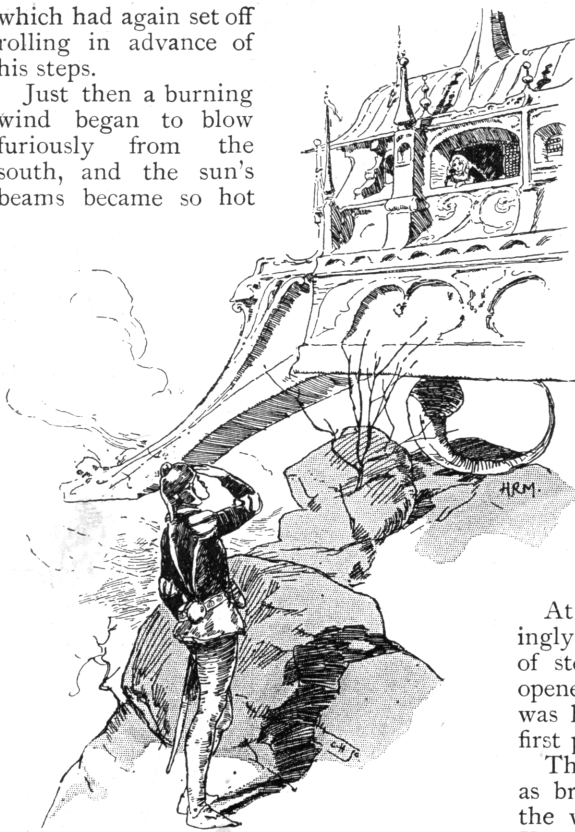


"WARMING-CAP, LEND ME YOUR WARMTH."

ing-ball of thread, which, after a while, stopped short upon a little eminence covered with snow. The prince cleared away the snow from the surface, and discovered two frozen bodies, which he concluded must be those of two former adventurers. Kneeling down, he uttered a prayer over them. That done, he followed the guiding-ball,

which had again set off rolling in advance of his steps.

Just then a burning wind began to blow furiously from the south, and the sun's beams became so hot



"THERE HE FOUND A MARVELLOUS PALACE."

that the leaves of the trees shrivelled, the grass dried up, and the earth opened in wide chasms. Thirst, heat, and fatigue began to overcome the prince, but he drew from his pocket the refreshing-flask, and cried—

"Flask of refreshing powers, preserve me from all harm."

He drank freely of its contents, and presently, feeling himself become stronger than ever, continued his way up the mountain. Not only did he suffer no more from the heat, but he was even obliged to button up his doublet, so cool had he become.

The guiding-ball still mounted, and the prince, keeping closely up with it,

passed through the region of clouds, and at last reached the summit of the mountain.

There he found a marvellous palace, made entirely of silver, with steel-barred gates, and roofed with gold. Standing upon a single cock's claw, the flight of steps leading up to its main entrance was turned towards a deep abyss, so that no living creature could gain access to it. From one of its windows the princess with the golden locks was looking forth, her beautiful hair streaming in the wind, her eyes shedding light, her breath embalm-ing the air. The prince had hardly seen her before he sprang forward and cried—

"Palace, palace, turn upon your sustaining claw—turn your back towards the precipice, your front towards me."

At these words, the palace turned creakingly upon its support, and set its flight of steps before the prince, who speedily opened the door and entered. No sooner was he within than the palace resumed its first position.

The prince penetrated a room that was as bright as the sun, of which the floor, the walls, and the ceiling were of glass. He paused, full of astonishment, for instead of one princess, he perceived twelve—all



"THE YOUNG PRINCE EMPTIED IT AT A DRAUGHT."

of the same beauty, all having the grace, all the same golden locks as the true princess.

As soon as the princess set eyes on the prince, she uttered a cry of joy and sprang to meet him.

"If life is dear to you," she cried, "fly from hence, for Vikhar may return at any moment, and he could kill you with a look!"

"If I fail to rescue you, of what value to me will my life be? But I am of good hope; only give me to drink from the heroic well some of the water drunk by Vikhar."

The princess, having drawn a pailful, handed it to him. The young prince emptied it at a draught, and asked for a second. Though somewhat astonished at this, the princess drew him another pailful, which he drank off as before. After which he said—

"Princess, permit me to sit down for a moment to recover breath."

She handed him an iron chair, on which he seated himself, but which broke under him in a thousand pieces. She then brought the chair used by Vikhar himself, but though it was made of steel, the prince had no sooner sat down upon it than it cracked and bent under his weight.

"You see, princess, that I have become heavier than your invincible Storm. But, before he returns, tell me, I beg, how you pass your time here?"

"Alas! I pass my time in tears and sorrow; my only consolation is that, so far, I have been able to resist the importunities of my persecutor, who vainly solicits me to become his wife. I have told him that I will never marry anyone but the man who succeeds in

finding the answers to six enigmas which I have composed; thus two years have passed and, in spite of all his efforts, he has failed. The last time he went from the palace he announced to me that if, on returning, he was still unable to answer my enigmas, he would compel me to marry him in spite of my opposition."

"Then I will be the priest on that occasion—and wed him to death."

At that instant a horrible hissing sound was heard.

"Be on your guard, prince," cried the princess. "Vikhar is coming."

The palace began to turn rapidly on the claw which supported it. Frightful noises arose on all sides, thousands of ravens and other birds of ill omen croaked, and all the doors flew open of themselves with a terrifying crash.

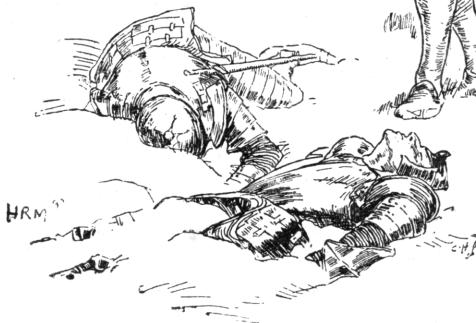
Mounted upon a winged steed which snorted flames, Vikhar dashed into the glass room, and beheld the presence of the prince with astonishment. The impatient horse reared and beat its wings. Vikhar had the body of a giant and the head of a dragon.



"THE PRINCE SEIZED HIM BY THE GULLET."

He roared, vomited flames, and sprang upon the prince open-mouthed, intending to swallow him alive. The prince stepped nimbly on one side and seized him by the gullet, and hurled him with so much force against the opposite wall that the monster entered it like a cannon-ball, shedding a torrent of blood and, at the same time, giving up his life.

The young prince took the half-fainting princess in his arms; then he drew from three different springs the water which resuscitates, the water which



"THE FROZEN PRINCES."

revives, and the water which restores lost youthfulness. That done, he seized the bridle of the winged horse, which appeared to be petrified, and pointed toward the spot where the two dead and frozen princes lay. The horse threw up its head, reared, beat its wings, rose high into the air, and at length descended gently at the spot where the two dead princes were lying. The prince with the golden hand sprinkled their frozen bodies with the water which resuscitates. The chill of death was dissipated, and the hue of life returned to their faces. Next he sprinkled them with the water which reanimates. Their eyes opened, and they rose.

The prince with the hand of gold related to them all that had happened. They embraced each other tenderly. Taking them up with the princess on to his horse's back, he pointed to the place where the cabin of old Yaga stood upon its cock's claws. Tossing its head, the steed reared, spread its wings, and mounted to the clouds, clearing high forests in its course, and at length descended at the spot to which it had been directed.

The prince cried—

"Cabin, cabin, turn on your claws—your back to the forest, your front to me."

Immediately the cabin turned round creakingly, and presented its door in face of the prince. Old Yaga came out to meet him, and having received a phial full of the water of

Jouvence, instantly sprinkled herself with its contents. All signs of age at once disappeared from her features, and, from being ugly, she became young and charming. So happy was she in the change, that she kissed the hands of the princes, and said—

"Ask of me what you will; I can refuse you nothing."

At that moment, her two young and pretty daughters, fresh as rosebuds, looked out of their windows. The sight of them so pleased the two princes that they cried, in one voice—



"HER TWO YOUNG AND PRETTY DAUGHTERS LOOKED OUT OF THEIR WINDOWS."

"Give us your two daughters to be our wives."

"I give them to you," replied the young mother.

She motioned to her daughters to come from the cabin, saluted her future sons-in-law, burst into laughter, and disappeared. The elder princes took up their betrothed on the same horse, and an hour or two afterwards it descended, as its master had commanded, in front of the palace of the princess's parents.

The King and Queen, on seeing their only daughter returned, flew to meet her with cries of delight, embraced her tenderly, and thanked her liberator.

Embracing her father tenderly, the princess with the golden locks said—

"My most honoured king and lord, the prince, my betrothed, knows the vow I made when I was carried away by Vikhar the Storm—only to give my hand to him who should succeed in guessing my six enigmas. Is a princess with golden locks permitted to break her word?"

The King made no answer, but the prince cried—

"I am ready; speak, princess, I listen."

"This is my first enigma," said the princess. "Two of my extremities form one sharp point; the two others, each a ring; and, in the middle, there is a rivet."

"Scissors," said the prince.

"Well guessed. Here is the second: I

pass round the table on a single foot, but if I am broken my injury is past remedy."

"A wineglass."

"Very good. My third enigma: Though tongueless, I answer faithfully; nobody sees me; all hear me."

"Echo."

"True. Here is my fourth: Fire does not light me and the broom cannot sweep me away; no painter can paint me, no prison can hold me."

"The light of the sun."

"Even so. Listen to my fifth enigma: I existed before Adam was created; I have always alternated the two colours of my dress; thousands of years have passed, yet I have changed neither in form nor colour."

"Time—made up of day and night."

"You have guessed the five that were the most difficult, the last one is simpler: By day a ring, by night a serpent—whoever guesses that shall be my husband."

"A waist-belt."

"You have guessed them all aright," said the princess, placing her hand in that of the young prince.

Both knelt at the feet of the King and Queen. The marriage of the three couples was celebrated that same evening. A splendid banquet was prepared, to which a host of noble guests were invited, and the festivities were joyously continued far into the next day.



The Queer Side of Things.

"THE RETALIATOR."



I HAD often wondered acutely how publicmen felt on opening their comic paper and seeing some atrocious caricature of themselves, and my curiosity, gathering force as time passed, at length oppressed me to such an extent as to render me incapable

of other thoughts. At length, after a sleepless night, I determined to satisfy, if possible, that devouring curiosity. At five a.m. I came to the decision to go and ask the public men; and, the decision once arrived at, my eagerness was such that, after another hour of intense longing, I dressed my-

self hurriedly and went out to make my first call.

I have intentionally suppressed all names in the following report, being anxious to avoid wounding any susceptibilities; and an impenetrable veil of disguise is therefore thrown over the identity of those of whom there is occa-

sion to treat. My first act was to take the train for North Wales, in order to effect an interview with Mr. G—, whom I had the good fortune to find reposing upon the root of a tree, an axe by his side. While I tendered my question he fixed upon me a severe yet attentive eye; then, while a harrowing expression of profound and overpowering mental pain too potent for words passed over his face, he replied:

"You ask how we feel. While disclaiming all authority to express or delineate, and indeed any sort of warrant or justification in expressing or delineating, the mental and moral sensations or experiences of others under the circumstances to which you so pointedly and unequivocally refer in your inquiry, I may tell you that (although I usually conceal my emotion behind that dignified reserve so essential to the decorous conduct and development of a political career), that I feel that mad with 'em that I could—" and his hand wandered significantly to the axe. "What I hate," he said, warming to his subject, "what I hate is to be represented with wide trousers as stiff as boards, and with an enormous nose perpetually in the air; though I'm not sure that I have any less aversion to being always drawn with very narrow trousers covered with angular creases over the boots, which are horribly wrinkled, and invariably turned out as in the fifth position; and my arms fixed (as



"REPOSING ON THE ROOT OF A TREE."

no human arm ever *was* fixed) on to shoulders forming a perfect right angle, and my features woolly with an infinity of microscopic lines; and I hate to have my face composed entirely of coarse lines, and marked by an invariable expression of wild astonishment, and surrounded by hair like snakes; but what I loathe worst of all is to be reduced to two black dots and two acute angles — *that's* the most maddening thing of the whole lot!"

He stopped for breath, panting with long pent-up sense of wrong.

"But, if you'll swear solemnly, on this chip, to breathe a word of it to no living creature, I'll tell you something—a great secret. We—the public men, I mean—have held a quiet meeting on this very subject, and we've decided to take the matter into our own hands, and defend ourselves. We have conceived a plan for protection, not unamplified by revenge, and we're taking steps to carry it out—but here's Sally coming across the grass; he's in it, of course, and he'll tell you all about it."

Turning, I perceived approaching, with ponderous tread, the Marquis of S——, who presently seated himself weightily upon a large fallen trunk, breaking it.

"Look here, Sally," said Mr. G——, "this young man wants to know all about our Public Men's Mutual Protection and Revenge Union——"

"Hum! State secret!" began Lord S——; but, perceiving it was all right, he turned to me, and said: "They're at it again this week—more atrocious than ever! There I am, sir, in one of the cartoons, perfectly spherical, with my clothes tense with horizontal wrinkles, and looking as if I were about to burst, and with my nose in the air as usual; and there I am again with legs just as thin as G——'s here, and in a pair of trousers made by the same tailor, and having a mass of wrinkles over the boots, just like his; as if he and I had only one pair of trousers between us! And there I am again, like a football, with no legs to speak of, and——"

"Pooh! what's *that*? Trivial, compared with the tortures I undergo!" thundered a voice behind me; and there stood Sir W—— H——. "I tell you solemnly, Sally, that I appear in one paper this week with no less than seventeen distinct chins—seventeen, sir! It's disgraceful—it's maddening—I'll commit suicide!"

"That's better than being represented like a collection of clothes-props," said Mr.

B—— (arriving at that moment), in a voice tremulous with emotion. Those who have represented Mr. B—— as phlegmatic and unsusceptible should have seen him as I saw him at that pathetic moment! "With legs, gentlemen," he continued, clasping his forehead, "of exactly the same thickness as the golf stick I am supposed to invariably carry!"

"Well, young man," said the Marquis of S——, turning to me, "our plan is maturing, and almost ready to burst upon the crew of caricaturists, scattering destruction and dismay in their confounded midst. We have, each of us, secured the services of ——but show him yours, G——; that is, if he isn't *too* savage."

Mr. G—— led the way toward the back yard of the house. As we approached we became conscious of a low growling, intensifying as we approached. "Do not be apprehensive," said Mr. G——, throwing open the gate of the yard, "he is chained."

At the sight of us a wild figure sprang forward with an angry yell, but was fortunately checked by the stout chain which it strained to its utmost tension: it shook its fist at us menacingly, shouting angrily, "Confound every one of you—I'll take you off before you know where you are! Just stand like that—yah!—head a little more round. I'll caricature every man jack of you—such guys! Aha! oho! Noses as



"CONFOUND EVERY ONE OF YOU!"

your bodies, and fangs for teeth!
round you!"

The ground all around him was littered with wild caricature sketches of all sorts of persons—the stable-boy who brought his food, Mr. G—— himself, and his friends and others.

"There, sir," said Mr. G——, "*that's* what I'm preparing for them: *that's* the rod I have in pickle! My private caricaturist, sir; Sally and the rest of us have one each."

"But what do you purpose to do with him?" I asked.

"Do with him?" said Mr. G——. "Why, set him on to the caricaturists of the papers who caricature *me*, of course; to rend them—pictorially—limb from limb."

"But why do you keep him chained up?"

"To make him savage, of course. Sometimes we keep him without food for a day or two, and then his productions *are* severe, I can tell you—every one of us comes out as a demon, with horn and a pitchfork. Regularly every morning we tickle him with straws, throw pepper over him to make him sneeze, and make faces at him; and when he really *is* vexed he's a sight to see. Just come outside, and I'll show you a dummy of the first number of the new magazine we intend to bring out—*The Retaliator*."

It was some weeks after the foregoing occurrences that I was conversing with an eminent caricaturist, when the servant announced that a gentleman wished to speak with him. On the visitor being shown up, I could not help a feeling of recognition which told me that I had seen him before, although I could not remember where. He had come to interview the eminent caricaturist; and, while he conversed persuasively with him and drew him

out, I observed that he kept a glittering eye fixed penetratingly upon the object of his interview; nothing about my friend the caricaturist seemed to escape him; and when at length he arose with an air of triumph, and retired towards the door, he suddenly whipped out a small sketch-book and dashed in a rapid sketch of the eminent one.

"Going to put my portrait in too?"



"THE SERVANT ANNOUNCED A GENTLEMAN."

asked the latter. The appalling intensity of the gleam in the visitor's eye absolutely held me spellbound, as he hissed "Yes!" then he was gone. Then at last a revelation flashed upon me, and a tear rose to my eye as I thought of the fate of my acquaintance the caricaturist—the fate, hanging, like an invisible sword, over his yet unconscious head; and, when I bade him good-bye a short time after, I felt that I was squeezing his hand in silent sympathy. I could not bring myself to tell him the awful truth; it would have choked me.

Next week the first number of *The Retaliator* appeared, and in its midst a fearful caricature of my acquaintance the eminent caricaturist.

Instantly I hurried to his studio to learn the worst, and found him lying back in an

easy-chair, limp like a wet rag, his glazed eyes fixed upon the hideous caricature. He did not know me at first, but gazed round in a dazed way, and asked for a soda and brandy. Then he gradually came to, and we sat staring hopelessly at each other.

"Cruel!" was all he could murmur for some time.

"What shall you do?" I asked, taking his hand in mine.

"I don't know. It is a terrific blow. I am not used to it. I am not prepared to be caricatured. It never, never struck me that the thing was possible, you know—didn't know it *could* be done. Why—hang it—I'm a caricaturist!"

He had no heart for his work, poor fellow; he had to knock off and go round to the club and have seven whisky-and-sodas.

The occurrence sent a chill of apprehension through the whole caricaturist profession. The caricaturists met at the clubs, and in the studios, and whispered apprehensively in knots; they began to grow pale and worn, and a cloud seemed to hover over their spirits. Then next week came out the second number of *The Retaliator*, containing a cartoon of another eminent caricaturist, even more crushing than the former one. Every point about its victim was exaggerated to a pitch that numbed the observer with



"LIMP LIKE A WET RAG."

horror; the ignorant public began to snigger at the expense of the profession; and every member of the latter knew that his fate was sealed—that, sooner or later, his turn was to come. The profession was disorganised and demoralised; the graphic and satiric pencil vibrated in the nerveless hand of the comic artist, or dropped helplessly from it.

Actions for libel were wildly talked of in cartoonist circles—actions for libel—tort—breach of promise—anything.

All this while, at all times of the day and night, in all places likely or unlikely, under all circumstances, mysterious and gliding figures were to be dimly seen, sketch-book in hand, dogging the footsteps of the caricaturists, studying their gait manner and habits. On all sorts of pre-



"THE CARICATURISTS WHISPERED APPREHENSIVELY."

texts, suspicious strangers would call at the abode of comic artists to spy out the land—to do a bit of plumbing, look at the gas-meter, measure for clothes and boots, tune the piano, beg on behalf of a charity. The caricaturist was never for a moment secure, sleeping or waking; until he trembled at the opening of a door or the ringing of a bell. It was a terrible state of things, not unlike the great plague.

Then caricatures began to appear in *The Retaliator* of their relations—their mothers, and aunts, and cousins. Several caricaturists emigrated, some sank under it, some became hopelessly imbecile and had to retire to asylums. The page for the cartoon in the comic paper appeared as a blank sheet week after week, no new spirit being found bold enough to take up the pencil dropped from the old hand. At last the only caricatures which appeared were those in *The Retaliator*. It was, indeed, tragic.

Then there came about a result which all observant thinkers had foreseen: untrammelled by the salutary check of wholesome satire, freed from the beneficent curb of pictorial criticism, fearing no longer the reflection of that mirror of humorous delineation which, by magnifying, more effectually emphasises faults and weaknesses of style and deportment, our public men began to embrace those extravagances against whose graphic delineations they had formerly murmured. Mr. G——'s collars actually increased daily in size, and his eyes became daily more like black dots in very perverse ecstasy of triumphant defiance; while he ventured, on one occasion, to actually appear in his place in the House, armed with an enormous

axe; Sir W—— H——, in the arrogant joy of unflagellated licence, added daily to his chins and his luxurious prodigality of perimetry; Mr. B—— revelled ever increasingly in a wanton extravagance of irresponsible tenuity and length which threatened to surpass the wildest efforts of the suppressed caricaturist; the weight of the Marquis of S—— increased to tons; Mr. Ch—— habitually wore the lens of a railway lamp for an eyeglass, and covered himself completely with orchids; and Lord R—— C—— attained a reckless and overweening diminutiveness, bordering on invisibility, and wholly incompatible with a wealth of moustache absolutely preposterous in its prodigality.

Public affairs were coming to a standstill, as the mania of physical hyperbole wholly absorbed the minds of our statesmen; nor was the epidemic confined to political circles—bishops, actors, judges, all those whose vocation or opportunities presented them more or less before the public, suffered from the removal of the moderating hand of beneficent caricature.

As for the judges, they became all wig, nose, and spectacles, to the entire disappearance of the judge; thin public men attained to an arrogance of attenuation as unreasonable as it was repellent; fat ones became spherical in the unrestrained jubilation of the new-found licence.

This state of things could not

go on long. It simply meant ruin—effacement—chaos: one by one those public men began to vaguely feel that this was so. I called at H——tf——ld (the princely residence of the Marquis of S——) one evening, and found them holding high revel—a sort of masque, a pandemonium. At the end of a great hall sat Lord S——, holding aloft a huge stage-goblet, while at his feet crouched his comic artist, in cap and bells, enter-



"MR. G.'S COLLARS ACTUALLY INCREASED DAILY IN SIZE."

taining his master by drawing wild caricatures of all comers; Mr. G—— hovered about the apartment, cutting off the mouldings of the oak panelling, and gashing the picture-frames with a ponderous axe, while his collar trailed along the floor and tripped everybody up; Sir W—— H—— (to admit whom, the door being too narrow, a large piece of the wall had to be taken down) occupied three large chairs, and had a special footman to attend to each of his chins; Lord R—— Ch——, but the scene was too terrible to describe. It will linger for ever in the memory of the horrified observer.

Suddenly the Marquis of S—— paused in the wild and hyperbolic revel; his goblet fell crashing from his hand on to the head of his comic artist, crushing him flat.

"Gommie, old boy," he said, solemnly, and in a voice whose vibrations echoed to the uttermost limits of the hall; "It's too HOT! IT WON'T DO!"

Mr. G—— paused in his wild work of

havoc. He smote thrice on his breast. "NO!" he said, slowly—hollowly.

That very day *The Retaliator* was suppressed; and a short Bill was passed offering a handsome annuity to all caricaturists who would come back and resume their function of satirising public men. The latter, wise before it was too late—awakening to the truth in the very nick of time—had grasped the fact of the need of hostile caricature for the restraining of those fatal vagaries of deportment and aspect which public men, free from all salutary restraint, would carry to a pitch which makes one shudder to contemplate. It is all right again now—the public satirists are reinstated, and receive an honorarium from the Government.

"But just think what we *might* have come to," murmured Lord S——, in a voice tremulous with horror.

"Ah—h!" whispered Mr. G——, his bosom too full for words.

J. F. SULLIVAN.



Some London



What big my Pinguin Birds



Any Holby. Hoads to day



For Winding ball and Quills



Any Tossing Forks and Shards



Young Lovers to sell



Half past ten and a Flaming night



Dust or Dust or
Gung Bunt's heart



Old. Clo. Old. Clo Old. Clo.



Three pence a bottle Strawberries



Any Door leads a Dashing Avenue

Two Marks' Promises a young Woman

all hot all hot, Saturday all hot



All a Morning all a Morning

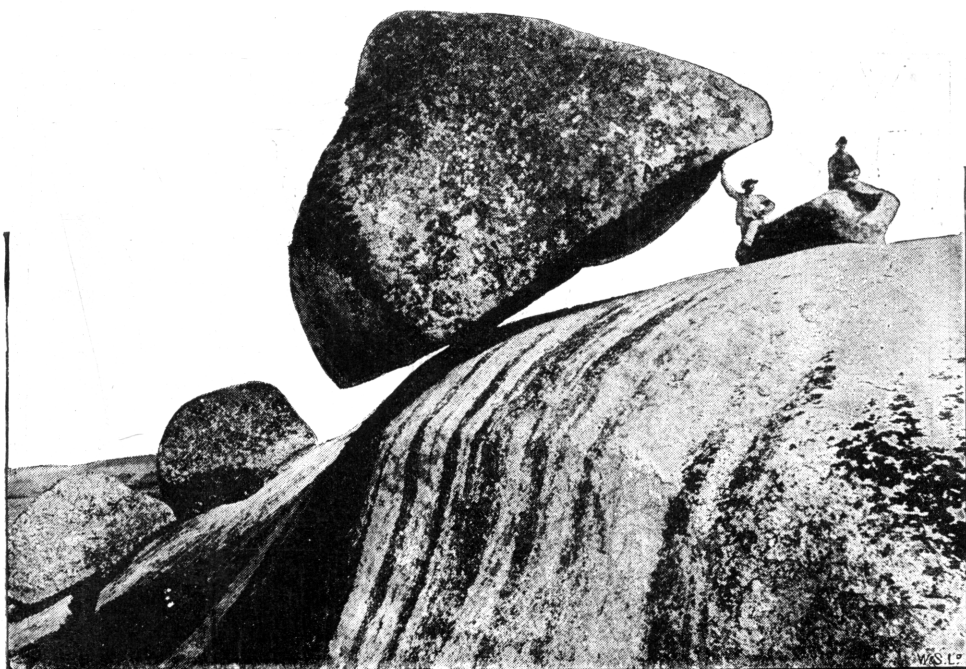
Muffins and Crumpets all Hot all Hot



Some Sweet Some Sweet
Sweet Sweet Sweet

Any Chickweed and Violets
in your long way to work

Four fresh Hovings eight for
fourpence



From a Photo. by]

[Pedro Momini, Tandil.

ROCKING-STONE, TANDIL, BUENOS AYRES.

This prodigious stone is movable at the slightest touch, but a team of bullocks have failed to stir it from its place.



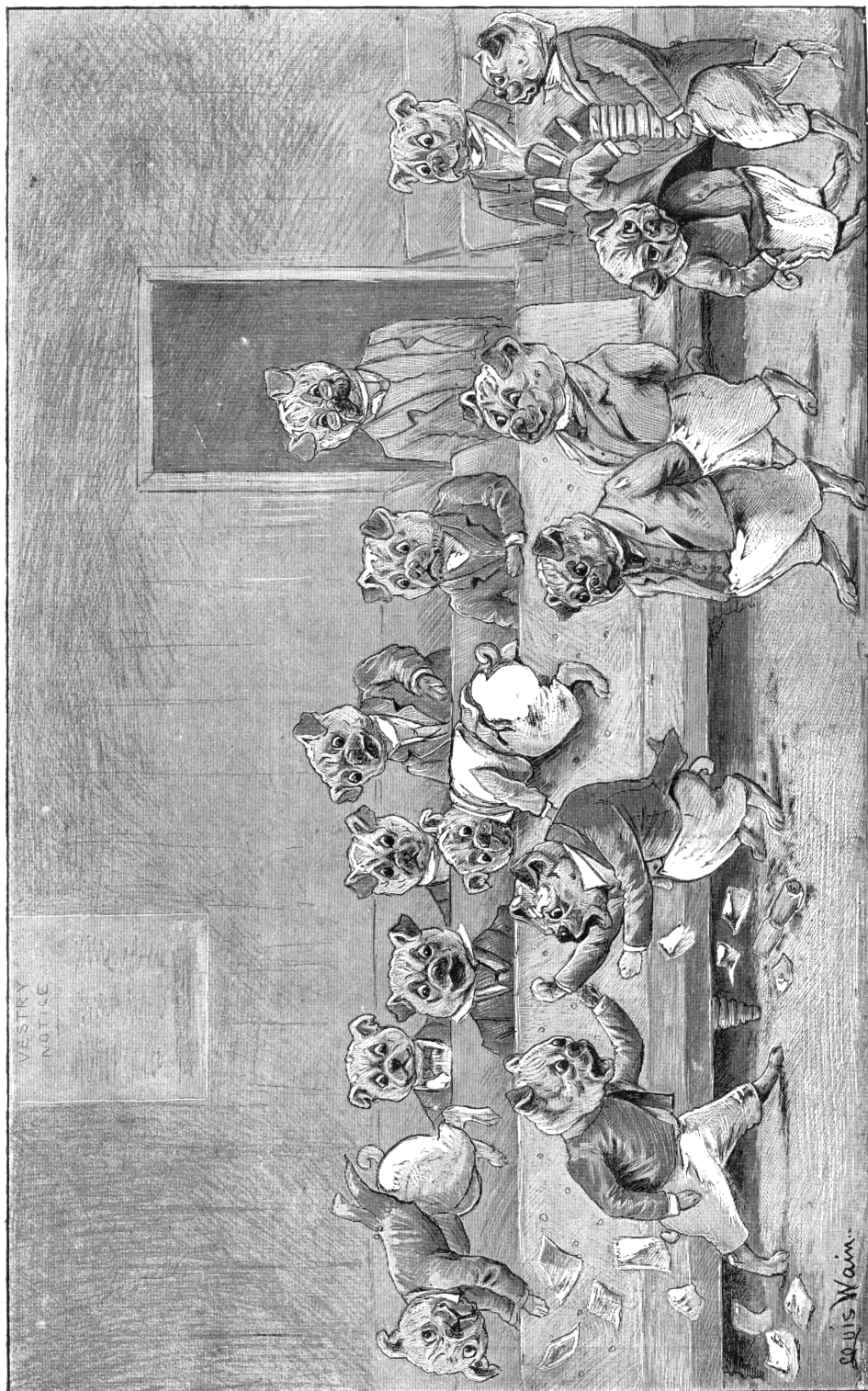
A CANDID CRITIC.

"HOW DO YOU LIKE MY PORTRAIT OF THE JUDGE?"
 "HOW MUCH IS HE GOING TO GIVE YOU FOR IT?"
 "WHAT DO YOU THINK HE OUGHT TO GIVE ME?"
 "SIX MONTHS!"



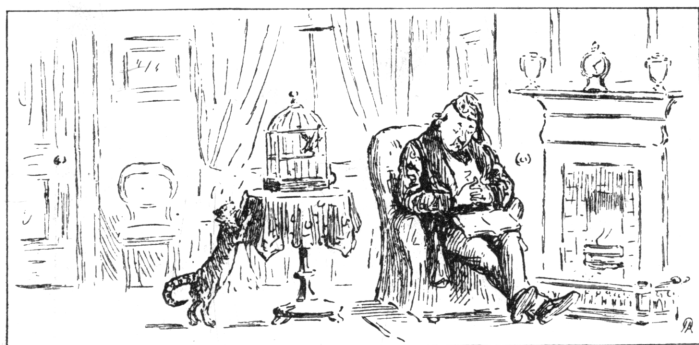
"UNPLEASANTNESS."

"WOTDGER GIVE WARNIN' FUR?"
 "WY, MISSIS SHE MAKES SO MUCH UNPLEASANTNESS.
 I CAN'T POKE A 'OLE IN A PICTURE, NOR SMASH A BIT
 O' GLD CHINA, NOR DROP A KNOB O' COAL ON THE BABY'S
 'ED, BUT WOT SHE TELLS ME ABOUT IT!"



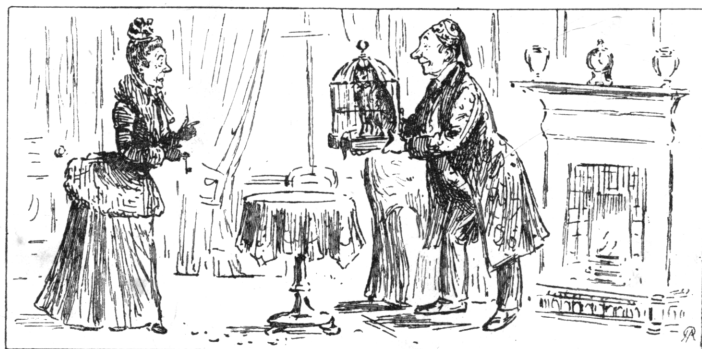
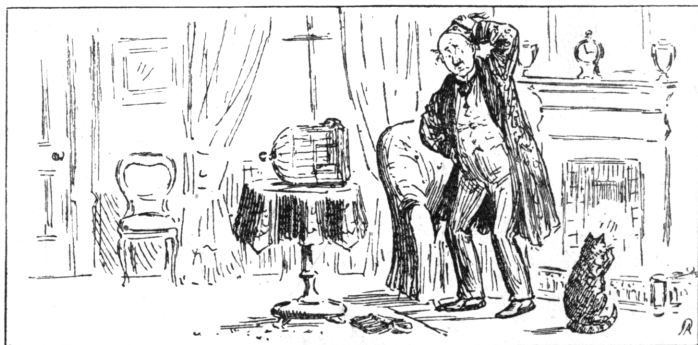
A VESTRY MEETING.

1. HOW MISS DRAWING - ROOM,
GOING OUT FOR AN HOUR OR SO,
LEAVES HER BIRD IN CHARGE OF
MR. PARLOUR.



2. HOW MR. PARLOUR'S FAVOUR-
ITE PUSSY TAKES CHARGE OF
MISS D.'S BIRD.

3. HOW MR. P. IS IN DESPAIR.



4. HOW A HAPPY THOUGHT
COMES TO HIM, AND HE RETURNS
THE BIRD—INSIDE THE CAT!

A CAT-AS-TROPHY.